...VOLUME.
...uary, 1842.
...LADY'S AND GEN...
...'S MAGAZINE,
...bellishments than any other Maga... in the Union.
...ITED BY
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS
MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY
...AR A. POE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS.

Terms. Two Dollars Per Annum, Cash.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 19, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1073.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Lines.

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

Let those who will repine at fate
And droop their heads with sorrow;
I laugh when cares upon me wait;—
I know they'll leave to-morrow.
My purse is light, but what of that?
My heart is light to match it
And if I tear my only coat,
I laugh the while I patch it.

I've seen some elves, who called themselves
My friends, in summer weather;
Blown far away in sorrow's day,
As winds would blow a feather.
I never grieved to see them go:
(The rascals, who would heed 'em)
For what's the use of having friends,
If false when most you need 'em.

I've seen some, rich in worldly gear,
Eternally repining;
Their hearts a prey to every fear;
With gladness never shining.
I would not change my lightsome heart,
For all their gold and sorrow;
For that's a thing that all their wealth,
Can neither buy nor borrow.

And still when sorrows come to me,
(As sorrows sometimes will come)
I find the way to make them flee,
Is bidding them right welcome.
They cannot brook a cheerful look,
They're used to sobs and sighing,
And he that meets them with a smile,
Is sure to set them flying.

Southport, W. T. 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Stanzas.

BY MARTIN THAYER, JR.

They tell me that you smile too oft
Upon my lone and weary way,
That gentle words, and glances soft,
Too frequent giv'n, are thrown away;
They say that frowns should sometimes cloud
The face where love and kindness reign,
That pride and scorn should sometimes shroud
The heart that nev'r hath given pain.

That lover's looks like skies should change,
Now clothed in light, now robed in storm;
What glances cold, and actions strange
Should vex and wring the heart forlorn;
Ah! little do rude wise ones dream
That true love n'er can falsehood seem,
That where the heart hath stored its wealth
There is no pride or love of self.

That lovers' looks would scorn to feign
Feelings that would true love shame.
That vain deceit and empty art
Dwell but in the hollow heart;
That love's serene and holy light
Is not the meteor of a night,
But sheds its constant light afar,
In life's wide heav'n the sweetest star!

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Off Cape Horn.

BY HARRY DANFORTH, AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR," &c., &c.

"Story! Lord bless you I have none to tell, sir."
Knife Grinder.

"Have you ever rounded Cape Horn?" said the lieutenant, as he cut a slice from the beef and nodded for me to push the punch—"that's what *I* call being at sea. Your long-shore skippers who have never seen the outside of the Sound, ought to be pitched about in a hurricane off the Horn for the matter of a month or so—I fancy it would take the edge off of their boasting. Why, when I was in the Olympus" and here he was seized with a violent hiccup, "we were fifty-nine days in attempting to come round from the Pacific, and three several times we saw the waves breaking on the Cape—but no sooner were we up to the internal old rock, than a storm of wind and sleet would come whistling around the promontory, pinning the men down to the yards when they went aloft to shorten sail, and sweeping us, like a chip in a mill race, dead to leeward. We stuck it out, for nearly two months, and then—confound this tough beef—had to pull up stakes and return home by the way of New Holland and the Cape of Good Hope after all. Heaven defend me from Cape Horn!"

"Yes!—I once rounded the Horn," was my reply, "but it must have been in an unusually calm season. Nevertheless, I came near losing my life there."

"How was that?—eh?" said the lieutenant.

"Its a long story, and as the punch is rather lively perhaps the tale would be tedious."

"Not a bit of it, my boy," said the lieutenant, touching his glass to mine and winking "out with it, Harry, my old cove," and he slapped me familiarly on the back.

"The story! the story!" echoed the whole table; and I was forced to begin.

"You must know then," I said, leaning my arms on the table and looking slowly around the group, while the lieutenant gravely filled my glass and then stared silently into my face, "you must know then, that in the last war, and before Porter thought of carrying the Essex around the Horn, I was a sort of reefer on board a smart privateer, commanded by my uncle, as bold an old sailor as ever sailed salt-water, God bless him!"

"Ah! God bless him," echoed the lieutenant, nodding and putting down his glass.

"We had been cruizing in the Pacific," I continued, "with some success, and were about returning home, when, one morning, we were chased by an English man-of-war; but, owing to our superior speed, and assisted by a squall of hail which shut us in from sight, we escaped. It kept us three days, after the blow had subsided, to recover our ground; but this we did not mind, since it rid us of the enemy, for none of us had any fancy for Dartmoor prison, or the English hulks.

"I was standing, the morning after we got sight of the Cape again, talking to my uncle by the weather railing. The night before, the sky had been as clear as a kitten's eye, and I had amused myself with watching the gigantic billows break on the promontory, flinging their foam often as high as the top of a first-rater. Now, however, the scene was changed. The morning was just breaking, and all was dim. There was no longer the magnificent horizon, stretching in awful grandeur around us, but the morning mists curtained all from our sight, and we could see nothing but the waves, whitening on our quarter, and the spray driving into the thick darkness ahead. The brig had labored so uneasily in the night that she had been put before the wind, and was now scudding along with the tempest. Aloft, nothing but a close-reefed foretopsail was seen, straining in the gale that rattled through the rigging. The tall, trim, bare masts looked gallantly against the sky. The darkness, the uncertainty, and, most of all, the anxious look on my uncle's face, stirred a new and strange feeling within me—it was something akin to fear.

"'A sail!' suddenly sung the look-out at the maintop.

"'A sail!' came hoarsely sweeping from the forecastle.

"'Where away?' asked the captain, glancing hastily around.

"'Close on the'——

"'Heavens! it's the Englisher!' ejaculated the captain, drowning the look-out's cry. 'How she staggers on us—she'll run us down, by Jove!'

"I looked to windward, and, sure enough, there was our old enemy, from whom, but four days since, we had escaped, careering almost in our wake. She was an English frigate of the largest class, and, with a press of canvass on her that made every thing crack again, was dashing rapidly out of the morning fog. At first, only her tall masts were seen above the thick mists; then her yard-arms rolled into the clear space, and at last, her dark, trim, jaunty hull shot out of the fog, until the enormous mass, driving along with a cloud of foam, had come so near that I could with ease have flung a biscuit on her decks.

"The frigate had seen us almost as soon as we had detected her. Her commander determined, at once, to avail himself of his favorable position. The heavy press of canvass on the frigate—for she carried a reefed fore-sail and a close-reefed main course—was driving her along with a velocity that would soon bring her up with us; and even before the first moment of surprise had passed away, she could be seen sweeping down close on our starboard quarter, her enormous bow far overtopping our more humble stern. I could already, as I have said, have pitched a biscuit on her decks, when my uncle ordered me forward to be prepared in case he should wish to set the fore-stay-sail. I had just reached the cat-head when the frigate hailed.

"'Heave to!' again came, in the stirring tones of the trumpet, down the wind.

"Old Townsend answered not a word. He stood in the main-rigging, still and motionless, grasping his trumpet with the clutch of a Hercules, and eyeing his enemy like a hawk, as, bent on her dreadful purpose, she came rushing down, leviathan like, upon us. Not a breath was drawn on board either ship. Our oldest sailors grasped the rigging, in momentary expectation of the approaching wreck, while every eye was fastened on the dark hull of the foe. Her lofty bow was already up to our very quarter, her giant yards nearly interlocked with our own as she rolled—a second of awful suspense ensued, and just as a practised eye might have seen the extremity of her jib-boom swerve a hair's-breadth towards us, old Townsend, without taking his eye from her hull, waved his trumpet, and shouted, in a voice of thunder—

"'Starboard—hard—down!'

"'Starboard, quarter-master, h-a-r-d!' rung out from the frigate, and the enormous mass, swinging rapidly around, came bearing down on our bow.

"The captain had seen our only chance. The frigate was already so close on to us when she was discovered, and her course had been maintained so steadily since, that we had no doubt of her intention to run us down; but my uncle, ever fertile in manœuvres, had nicely calculated the chances and determined to keep on his course until the very moment of collision, when he would close-haul the little brig on the larboard tack, and thus get to windward of the foe. He calculated the more certainly on the *ruse* because the frigate was of an unusually sharp mould, and he thought that her commander would be unwilling to run the risk of having a sea pitched into his waist in wearing—and as for himself, my uncle would as leave have sunk every soul of us as have surrendered to the foe. The plan was well conceived, but the daring and rapidity with which the frigate jammed her helm to starboard, disappointed our calculations. She came around after us with a sullen surge, crashing right across our bowsprit and carrying away the jib-boom. But of this I knew nothing at the time, for, as she swung on her heel, one of her spars—I know not how—hit me and knocked me like a foot-ball ten fathoms [illegible]

"When I rose to the surface, the first thing I did was to strike out for my life. Happily a spar floated by me, and eagerly grasping it, I felt myself for the time secure. Shaking the spray from my face, I looked around for our brig, and to my surprise beheld her hove-to to windward, and seemingly uninjured except in her rigging. She was rapidly, however, falling away into the mist, and I began, with a fearful feeling, to think of myself. In the hurry and confusion which I knew must result I had little chance of being missed, and I was now floating on the ocean with nothing but a frail spar for my support. The velocity with which I was urged through the water surprised me, but another wave at this moment dashed over me, and I rose again, drenched, to the surface. Shaking the spray off, I looked up and saw that I had grasped what was apparently a broken spar from the frigate, to which, by its hamper, it was still attached. The hope which had died in my breast revived, and I shouted aloud. But all this had not occupied a minute.

"'Keep her to it, quarter-master; we can do nothing with the Yankee in such a gale, and our foretopsail-yard gone,' shouted the officer of the deck—they must have snapped the spar in wearing. 'Away, there,' he sang out in a louder tone, 'hurry up that spar!' and then came the quick hurrying of feet on the deck over head.

"I was hurried along, buried in the foam, and dragged with my spar almost under the vast hull of the frigate. Consequently, I was not discernable from the deck. I saw this, and shouted again, for it was my only hope. They did not hear me. I could feel that the cordage which kept my spar to the frigate was slowly loosening, and at every surge I fell farther towards her stern. I renewed my shouts in a voice of alarm.

"'Cut away that hamper!' thundered, angrily, the officer of the deck.

"'Oh! my God!' I exclaimed, in frightful desperation, 'cut me not loose—hilloo!'

"My impotent cries were echoed from the overhanging side of the frigate, or lost in the loud roarings of the gale, and in an instant with a quick jerk, I was cast loose, a wave surged over me, and when again I rose to the surface, I was far astern of the now rapidly receding man-of-war. I shouted again; but it was in vain. The roaring of the waters drowned my feeble voice.

"I renewed again and again, with more despairing feelings, my efforts; but all was useless. Before a quarter of an hour, the frigate was well down to leeward, carrying a press of sail, and swinging her tall masts, as she rolled towards the water.

"Meanwhile, with a feeling which none but those who have been in such a situation can imagine, I clung to my spar, and was borne onward with the enormous billows. Every instant a wave washed over me, drenching me with its cold spray, and shaking me almost loose from my support. Now I rose toward the clouds on the breast of some gigantic billow, and then, with its crest combing over me, I was hurried, with frightful velocity, into the abyss below. Tossed, drenched, cold, wearied, I had neither hope nor plan. When I rose to the top of the long wave I would look eagerly around me, but the same desolate scene on all hands met my eye. The morning mists had cleared away, but it was only to disclose in more terrific grandeur the vast prospect that stretched around. The intensity of the hurricane had levelled the waves, and wrapped the ocean in a cloud of driving spray, which shut every thing momentarily from the sight. It was only at intervals, therefore, that I could catch a glimpse of the horizon. The frigate was nearly hull down to leeward, flitting like a sea-gull in the white foam. Off to windward, rising and falling on the giant billows, her trim masts clearly defined against the sky, was my only hope, our little privateer. And how faint was that hope! It was against all human probability that I should ever stand on her deck again. She was now lying with her head to the wind, tossing on the surge, and if she altered her course, it would scarcely be in the direction of her powerful foe, where only she would meet me. There was no prospect before me but a lingering, horrid death. It was with difficulty I could cling to my spar; every wave that washed over weakened me, and often came with a jerk so sudden as almost to fling me from my hold. The gale, though it seemed to lull, still continued with awful power, and in its dying strength only left the swell more dangerous. As I thought of all this, my heart died within me. I saw nothing for my fate but a protracted death—starvation, and perhaps worse. For a moment I was tempted to drop my hold, and put an end to my suspense at once. But better feelings came across me. I thought of my poor, widowed mother, and the solemn counsel she had given me as she laid her hands meekly on my young head, and charged me, with her faltering, dying tones, never to forget my God. It came across my memory, in that dreadful hour like the whispering voice of an angel. I thought, too, of our sweet little New England cottage, and of the graveyard where my mother was laid. I burst into tears of contrition, and lifting up my voice, alone on that stormy ocean, with no one to hear me but my God, I prayed. The rushing hurricane bore it to the Being who holds the winds in his hand.

"Another hour must have passed while I was thus hopelessly tossed on the deep. As the morning advanced, the distance had gradually increased between the brig and myself. Suddenly I lost sight of her, and then, looking again, I saw she was once more put before the wind, and was coming rapidly down toward me, with her foretopsail straining in the gale. I knew now that the storm was lulling. I felt a new life within me. But a moment before, in that calm resignation which the certainty of our fate, however dreadful, brings upon us, I had gazed almost with apathy upon her: but now, as if by magic, my whole nature seemed changed, the stony disregard was gone, hope and fear ebbed in my heart, and a thousand stormy feelings rushed tumultuously through my soul. I clutched my spar, and strained my eyes upon the brig, trembling lest I should have deceived myself. The surges still washed over me, but I gazed dripping on that distant beacon ship. Once or twice she swerved a little from her course, and I held my breath till she wore round again. It was a half hour of thrilling suspense.

"Down at length she came. She was now not more than two cables length distant, and with but one sail set, and every rope cracking in the strain, the spray at intervals sweeping far away by her, and at others burying her hull in a thick, white mist, she came careering over the giant billows with the velocity of a desert horse. It was plain, however, I was not seen. I shouted with all my might, but my puny voice went unheard down the gale. I had nothing to raise as a signal—how then could I attract attention? I knew, too, the difficulty with which such a small object as my spar and myself could be seen in such a gale, and my late towering hopes at the thought perished in the bud. But a few minutes would decide my fate.

"All at once, I heard faintly the tap of the drum. They had at length missed me, and were beating to quarters to make it sure. I knew now that nothing would be omitted to recover me, but alas! how could they hope to find me so near them; besides the brig was already nearly upon me, and in a few minutes more would shoot by perhaps for ever. There was no time to be lost. I roused up my chilled faculties, and shouted with all my strength.

"'Foretop, there, do you see any thing of him?' thundered a well known voice.

"'No, sir,' came mournfully down the gale.

"To be so near succor, to hear that voice, and yet to lose all—it was overpowering.

"'Up to the maintop—look sharp, my good fellow,' said the same anxious voice.

"'A point or two,' said the captain, waving his hand to leeward. The order swept them farther from me, and again, though in despair, I shouted madly.

"I was still unseen. I felt moreover, that nothing I could do would aid my discovery. I must trust to chance; now, however, that it was certain I was missing, the rigging swarmed with honest, warm-hearted tars, and a hundred eager countenances bent from their stations eagerly on the look out.

"'I think I see something over the weather bow, sir,' [illegible] the captain, and the whole crew, as one man, turned anxiously in that direction. My heart sickened at the diminished chances of escape.

"'A port, then, in God's name!' shouted my uncle warmly.

"'Ahoy—in mercy's sake—a-ah-oy!' I gasped, prolonging the last sound, as the brig went round, not fifty fathoms off.

"'Ahoy—a-hoy—a-h-o-o-y!' I screamed again in agony.

"'Hark!' said a maintop man, noted for his sharp hearing, and with whom I had often laughed. 'I think I heard something—but,' he added dubiously, 'it's off here to lee-'erd.'

"'Ahoy!' again, with supernatural strength, I shouted.

"'I see him—hurrah!' sung out the man at the foretop, forgetting all discipline.

"'Where!—where!' said fifty voices, the stentorian one of the commander rising over all.

"'Off here, over the leeward-bow, clinging to that spar.'

"'I see him!' shouted an old friend at the end of the fore-yard arm; 'brave boy, hurrah!'

"'There he is—there he is—there he is!' sung voice after voice, as the glad tars caught sight of me.

"'There he is—God be praised!' cried a voice from the main rigging. 'Starboard ha-ard.'

"The emotions, thrilling, gushing, overpowering, of that moment I shall never forget. As my old uncle stood there, the only friend of my youth, with his head bared devoutly, and his long, thin gray hair streaming in the breeze, joyful feelings swept over me, and tears of gladness rushed blinding into my eyes. I scarce knew what I did in the ecstacy of the moment, but I recollect raising half up on my frail footing, and waving my arm as I huzzaed.

"'Hurrah!' shouted the old man, waving his hat around his head, and a hundred voices simultaneously made the welkin ring with their cheers.

"'Heave him a rope—throw out that float—hang on bravely, Harry!' said as many voices, and as the gallant brig rushed on me, the ropes fell thick around. I clasped the nearest. The giant fellow who had first heard me was planted in the fore rigging with a rope around his waist, and as they ran me in, he grasped me dextrously in his arm, and amid deafening shouts raised me fairly to the deck.

"'Make way, you lubbers—where's the captain!' cried he, carrying me towards the quarter-deck.

"'My boy—thank God!' was all the old man could ejaculate, and turning from the crew (for even in that hour his habits of discipline prevailed) he dropped on my cheek the first tears I had ever known him to shed.

"'I didn't think, Harry, there was that on earth could make my old eye wet, but come away, my lad,' and he turned to the gangway. As he did so, my giant rescuer met his eye as he loitered near us.

"'Ay, ay, Jim, go to the purser, and tell him to give it to you stiff.'

"'Thankee, sir,' said he, touching his hat, as he hurried off.

"As we turned to go down, I cast a last look on the deck. Far, far away, hull down to leeward, could be seen the frigate, her tall, taper masts, with all their fine tracery just discernable, as if pencilled in the faintest outlines on the distant horizon. And that is my experience of Cape Horn."

"A narrow escape, by the gods," said my next neighbor, on the left—"but look at the lieutenant—how the old porpoise blows."

I turned to the old fellow on my right, and sure enough he was snoring away, fast asleep, with his head on his breast, and the cup still held in his relaxed hand. A rivulet of tobacco juice, stealing out of the corners of his mouth, was finding its way down his chin.

"Poor Tom—his only fault is, he loves his cup," was all the company said, and then my neighbor was knocked down for a song.

The Prince of Wales.

We were not a little amused in reading in one of the late English papers, the proclamation issued by Queen Victoria, "creating our most dear son Prince of Wales!" It goes on—"him we do enoble and invest by girting him with a sword, by putting a coronet on his head and a gold ring on his finger; and also, by delivering a gold rod into his hand that he may preside there (in Wales) and may direct and defend those parts." Is not all this the climax of transcendental humbuggery! The Queen girds her most dear "hinfant" as Mr. Weller would say, with a sword and puts a gold ring on his finger that he may defend old Cambria, a place by the way, which has been always able to defend itself. Only think of it: Arming a babe for the fight who cannot yet distinguish between sap and panada. This is one of the many beauties of the monarchial system.

From the Boston Miscellany.

Eras in Woman's Life.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZCHOCKE.

My father formed at the University an intimate friendship with a young and very gifted man named Waldern. When they left the high school, the night before their separation, with tearful eyes they pledged each other over a glass of punch and swore to remain true to each other even to their last moments; and whatever might be their future lot, if it were in any manner possible, they agreed to see each other every year. There have been many friendships sworn, and faith often pledged, over a glass of punch or wine, but people return to a more quiet state of mind,—they look back upon youthful enthusiasm, and smile at it,—they forget themselves. The times change, and men change with them.

Yet it was different with my father and young Waldern. They kept their word and faith. They grew sober, but their hearts beat warmly, even in riper years. Their paths in life were very distinct, but their souls always turned toward each other, notwithstanding the distance which separated them. They married, but they never forgot their brotherlike tenderness. Once every year they visited each other, notwithstanding they were separated by a three days' journey. And even when they each had the engagements of an office, and a family of children, they devoted two or three weeks to their annual visit.

For several years, at first, the visits took place alternately at their different homes. Afterwards, it was usually my father who made the journey and was entertained by his friends. I do not know how this happened; but Waldern was rich by marriage and inheritance, dwelt in the city, and held an office at court, which gave him a great deal of occupation; these reasons might have kept him at home. My father held the office of head Forester in a village; his house had no superfluous room for guests accustomed to luxury; perhaps it was more pleasant to him to see, once a year, the varied bustle of the city, than for the courtier to inspect the woodcutting in a forest, or the table in a village; for some reason, however, it came at last to be the custom for my father, every summer, to take a journey and visit his friend.

I might have been a boy of ten years old, when my mother dressed me in new clothes from head to foot, and my father said,

"Gustavus, you shall go with me to the city this time. My brother Waldern has long desired to see you."

Who was so gay as I! The mama travelled with us this time. For a quarter of a year we looked forward to the journey. I was the only child remaining to my parents; they enjoyed my childish anticipations of the wonders of the city.

In fact, there was enough for me to see and hear in the city. It seemed to me like life in a fairy tale, every day something new. Waldern was an exceedingly agreeable man, but he had an only daughter, just as old as I was, named Augustina, who seemed to me much more agreeable even than he was. She jumped and danced about me: "Gustavus, have you seen my new doll?" Then she seized me by the arm, and I was obliged to admire the doll, whose splendid dresses, of which she had at least a dozen, were changed every day. I was also called to express my delight at the sight of the doll's furniture, her tables and chairs. The second day, however, Augustina let the doll repose, and rambled with me about the grounds. She taught me to dance, and I taught her to play soldier in the garden, with flower stalks for guns. We were never separated, and from morning till evening in an incessant frolic and play.

"Listen, old friend," said Waldern, one evening, at supper, to my father; "we have charming children."

At these words I looked at Augustina, for I had not yet thought whether she were pretty or not. And to be sure her dark locks, confined only by a simple rose-colored band,—the delicate oval of her fine face,—the black, animated, roguish, good-humored eyes,—her red, plump lips,—the graceful motions of her whole body,—all appeared to me to be really pretty.

"Papa," cried Augustina, with a face wonderfully between sour and sweet, "if I only had such pretty hair and eyes as Gustavus, you would certainly think I should do very well."

"Old friend," continued Waldern, without suffering himself to be interrupted by the little vanity of Augustina, "our friendship must descend to our children, and they shall make a couple: it is plain they are intended for each other."

My father nodded smilingly, and raised his wine-glass. The old people touched glasses. I did not exactly understand what the Chamberlain meant by the inheritance. But Augustina explained it by a question she put to her father:

"Indeed, little papa," cried she, "do you mean that Gustavus shall be my husband? Oh, that is most charming. I shall certainly love him dearly. Oh, yes, papa, let it be so; do not you like it, Gustavus?"

A loud laugh went round the table. The next day we played man and wife.—We had a wedding, but before that we had a betrothal. In the garden, which was bordered by grape vines, we had our church between two acacia trees, which were then rare in Germany. A wooden garden bench was the altar; a cousin of Augustina's, somewhat older than we were, who often came to play with us, was the priest. Augustina had arranged everything; two pewter rings, set with green and glass stones, had been purchased; these were exchanged before the altar, and because on account of their large size they tumbled from our fingers, they had ribbon wound about them on the under side.

After the wedding, we went to a wedding feast in a corner of the garden. Table and chairs were placed, sugar plums of all kinds, cake and milk, were served up in a doll's tea-set by the bride herself. Everything went off bravely. After the feast, we had a dance, the cousin being musician.

Yet why should all this childish nonsense be repeated. Three weeks passed away in the city like a dream to me. And when we separated, there was sorrow and crying between the husband and wife. We begged them not to separate us, but our parents consoled us, laughed at our emotion, and at last took us from each other with the promise that we should soon have another visit.

We did not go back again so soon to the city as I wished. At home everything seemed empty, dead, and solitary. For some time I wept in secret for Augustina. And even when I ceased to grieve, and became accustomed again to the quiet house of my parents, and the stillness of the village and the forest,—for this soon happened—all was not yet right in every corner.

For this reason I was well pleased that a change took place. My father placed me at school in a neighboring city. I was delivered over to his acquaintance, the Rector of the school,—an old, worthy, learned man—as a pupil and a boarder. My mother wept bitterly when I went away from home. She packed my trunk closely with my clothes and books, but I found room enough to stow Augustina's pewter ring between the folds of a handkerchief. My good mother herself first carefully wrapped it up in paper.

A life of study with the Rector was not at first altogether pleasant to me, but I soon came to like the bustle of the boys in school. Multiplication, division, conjugations, definitions, extemporising, all now went briskly along, and time went along with it. As the city where my education was conducted was only three miles from my native village, I was often at home. This was always a high festival for me, for I could only be there for a day at a time. Oh, maternal love! oh, heart of a father! How unspeakably happy was I every time I returned to the scene of my youthful sports.

The Rector, my master, was an excellent man; I loved him like a second father. His learning made him seem to me like a superior being. He had not much intercourse with the inhabitants of his little city. He delighted rather to live with the exalted spirits of other days, and with his youthful pupils; "for," said he, "there I see thee perfected, and you bear in your hearts the seeds of perfection. Many of you will deceive my hopes: yet I hope by some to work in the world, when I no longer breathe under the heavens."

I now approached through the porch of the grammar into the holy of holies of ancient wisdom. How did Homer and Curtius excite me, but above all others Plutarch. I could have wept over the great world of the past. How merciful seemed to me the men of our own times, still, in fact, barbarians on whom may be seen the scars of the strong hand of slavery, and the dust of the people's wanderings. I read, I translated, I wrote verses, I was happy, as knowledge makes every young man.

I had nothing to do with the journeys to the city, though my father regularly made his visits there, in conformity to his old customs. I no longer sighed after it; I had altogether forgotten my little wife there. I should have lost her little pewter ring, if I had not put it aside with some other toys in a little bag, where it lay undisturbed for years. My vacations I usually spent at home in company with some of my fellow students, or made journeys to visit them at theirs.

Thus the years passed away. In my nineteenth, the Rector considered me prepared for the University, and my father sent me there. It was a bitter parting, for I was unwilling to leave the worthy man, who, in forming my mind, had laid the foundation of all my inward happiness. Still more unwillingly did I bid adieu to the neighboring home of my father, from which I should now be fourteen miles distant. Now, everything which I had prized and loved as a child, became more dear. I visited again all the scenes of my sports; and as I was one day packing up for my journey, I did not neglect the little bag containing my playthings. I took out the smallest articles, as memorials and reliques of my departed childhood, and laid them near Homer and Horace in my trunk. Augustina's pewter ring was among them.

Notwithstanding I made verses in which the moon above and tender love, the young heart gay, the sun's bright ray, hearts and smarts, figured largely, yet of the ring of the little maiden and the city, I retained no distinct impression. I looked rather for the eyes of modest virgins, on which I could honorably make a couple of Petrarchian sonnets; but this I did with fear and trembling. And I cannot say that any one pair of the many eyes whose lightning glance I often met, ever inspired me to write an ode. And yet, among the Pandects, and Institutions, and other forms of science with which I was surrounded, because my father desired to see me a head forester, my mind still sighed for something. I did not know what it was, but I did not find it.

I had advanced so far, during the three years which I had passed at the University, that I was able to become *Doctor utriusque juris*. I was advised, after having taken my decree, to apply for a professorship, and give private lectures. But my father, as head forester, considered no office in the State so honorable as a forest Councellor; and through the influence of the Chamberlain, Waldern, I was established as Refendarius in a provincial city.

[illegible] I had gone to my post, I wished to visit my parents. [illegible] the time which I had passed at the University. My father wrote to me to meet him in the city, where he with my mother were going to visit our old friend Waldern. I had some farther directions respecting my office to receive from the latter.

I hastened thither, in compliance with these directions. On the journey I thought sometimes of Augustina, but always with aversion, as if I were ashamed of our childish jests. Meanwhile, thought I, she must be pretty well grown, and perhaps she is still handsome. But the thought was odious to me, that our parents would perhaps make a serious matter of these jests, and might couple us together in earnest. It seemed to me this meeting had been contrived for no other purpose. I took a mental oath this should never be.

And I kept my oath, but certainly against my will. For, after the first hearty embraces on entering Waldern's house, I looked round the apartment, and there, standing ready to salute every one, was a young lady, beautiful as a Hebe, with black, piercing eyes, into which I could no more look than into the noonday sun, without incurring the danger of being struck blind. Ah, I was already blind; I only saw that she saluted me with a bow and with blushing cheeks. What I replied to this, I do not know. I wished myself a thousand miles off, that I might collect my thoughts; and yet I should have rather died than have gone away.

I was fortunately relieved from my embarrassment by the embraces and questions of my parents and their friends. I was obliged to answer, and thus by degrees recovered my self-possession. I heard Mr. Waldern say to the charming unknown, "Augustina, is supper ready?" Alas, thought I, is that indeed Augustina! I had not courage to believe that this unearthly creature was once, in times past, my little wife. Such a thought seemed almost blasphemous.

We went into the supper room. Mr. Waldern offered my mother his arm, my father his to Madame Waldern, —Augustina remained for me. I tremblingly advanced to give her mine. She had better have offered me hers, for certainly I needed a support.

"How you have grown," said she. "I should never have known you."

"And I,—and I—," stammered I. "I wish we were still little." This I said in all sadness. It was the silliest thing I could have thought of, for what girl of nineteen would wish to be a little miss again?

"Indeed! why do you wish that?" said she, in astonishment.

"Then I was so happy; oh, happy as now I shall never dare to be." Here a sigh burst from me, and I touched my left hand to her right, which was lying on my arm. Augustina remained an answer in my debt. Perhaps I had again said something foolish. I was ashamed of myself.

At supper the company was gay and lively. I became accustomed to Augustina's glances. I could even give her a reasonable answer, but eating was in spite of all reason, entirely out of the question. The more I looked, the more beautiful she seemed. The next day she was still more so; and the third, still more. It was manifest witchcraft. I repented my oath, which I had far too hastily made, in the post-chaise, on my journey, and resolved, without hesitation, to become perjured at some future time.

On the evening of the third day it happened, I know not how, that we found ourselves together in the garden. I had for some time desired to say something to her, but did not exactly know what it should be. We reached the grape-vine walk. I remembered it well. "Oh, how large the two young acacias have grown," said I; "their branches now meet."

"Do you still remember these trees?" said Augustina, timidly.

"Could I forget my happiness?" said I. "Oh, how often have my thoughts been here! Ah, you are often in this walk, I suppose, without thinking of your little Gustavus, who shed so many tears in parting from you."

"How do you know that!" said she, with a gentle, sinking voice.

We entered into the grape-vine walk; it was darkened by the shade of the acacias. I looked about me. All the world of my youth revived within me. I looked silently at Augustina. Ah, how different was everything now! Her eyes sunk to the ground. I took her hand. "Here was once the church."

She pointed to the green garden bench, and lisped, "There the altar; I know it all."

"Actually, all!" said I.—"Ah, Augustina, all!"

"Oh, Gustavus!" stammered she.

After a moment, I drew out the pewter ring of betrothal. "Do you remember this, Augustina?"

When she saw it, her countenance brightened. She took it, looked long at it, and her eyes grew moist. "It is the same," said she, and examined it again with extreme emotion. "Oh, Gustavus, you are better than I am." When she became more calm, she drew a gold ring from her finger, placed it on my hand, and put the pewter one on her own. "This I keep. I am thine for ever; art thou also mine, Gustavus!"

It will be understood that I answered as a poet of the age of twenty can answer. We swore by sun, moon, and stars, by the upper and the lower world, to love each other and belong to each other, on this side and the other side of the grave. Yet why should I relate all this circumstantially! Every one knows the use lovers make of time and eternity, heaven and earth. Love placed the Paradise of Adam and Eve about us. Three weeks passed away in innocence and bliss like a summer's dream. Then the talk was of parting. Good heavens! it seemed to me that I had but just arrived!

I wondered at the inattention of our parents. They might have seen what was passing between us. Our looks, our actions, everything betrayed that we were now going over in earnest what we played ten years before. And yet the Director Waldern never said at supper what he said ten years before: "Old friend, our children must inherit our friendship; we must make a couple of them."

With Augustina I had never the courage to speak of a formal engagement with our parents,—of promise of marriage,—of legal betrothal,—a wedding, and such prosaic accidents of true love, which are demanded by common souls; this was all too little, too profane for us. We supposed our parents had settled all such business between themselves.

Meantime the parting hour came, which we had dreaded for three days before. My father could be urged to stay no longer. The morning of departure, we two lovers, before sunrise, were in the dear grape-walk, to speak to each other once more alone, and explain all our feelings. With tears and vows the holy union was renewed. The vine-walk was actually changed to the church, the bench to the altar. We fell despairingly upon our knees, stretched our hands in prayer to heaven, and made the most solemn promises. I assured Augustina that as soon as I reached home, I would speak to my father, and then, returning to the city, would receive from her parents her hand. Augustina blushed crimson when I called her my bride, and future wife. She hid her face in my bosom, and stammered, "Only Gustavus."

Thus we separated.

I had no sooner reached our village with my parents, than I seized the first opportunity to speak with my father alone, and reveal to him all my wishes and hopes of happiness. He, as well as my mother, had, during our journey, joked with me upon Augustina's conquest, when I had been lost in reveries. This gave me occasion for confession.

My father, a very sensible and upright man, and a tender parent, listened to me quietly and patiently; and patience he certainly needed, for I talked to him a whole hour, that I might explain to him the inviolable vow Augustina and I had made to each other.

"Child," said he, "I have nothing against it. I honor the feelings of both of you. I am glad you and Augustina love each other. The thought of her will guard you from many wrong thoughts and feelings. Yet I advise you, hardly more than two and [illegible] yet no office which will give you a support. But this is necessary before marriage. Augustina is rich, to be sure, but you would not be supported by your wife. Nothing is more dishonorable than for a man to make himself dependent upon the property of a wife, and have to thank her for a fortune. The husband should be a man, and by his wealth and his labors support his wife and children. I myself, from my office of Forester, derive but a moderate income. I can only give or leave you a small property. You must first labor for yourself, as I have labored for myself.

"These circumstances may, perhaps, have the effect of causing my friend Waldern to refuse you, at least for the present, the hand of Augustina. She, brought up in the bosom of luxury, is accustomed to certain conveniences, that have become necessaries to her. You are not in a condition to provide her with these necessaries. Yet another circumstance is added to all these. The ages of both of you are not favorable for a long continued happy marriage. Augustina is about as old as you are. This is not well. Woman comes to maturity earlier, but she fades also earlier than man. You would be unhappy to have an old wife when you are still in the fullness of your manly strength. Between a man and woman of the same age, there is always a difference of at least ten years."

In this manner spoke my father. Every one will perceive he was manifestly wrong. I proved it to him as clear as the sun, and was very much astonished that he did not admit the force of my reasoning. I appealed to my mother.

"Gustavus, you are right," said she, "I must own you are right. Augustina is an angel; I do not wish for a better daughter-in-law. But your father is right, too. I can advise you nothing better than he has done. God help you," said she, weeping and tenderly kissing me.

We had now daily conversations and consultations. We never came to any conclusion. I suffered unspeakably in silence. After a week or two, when I was making preparations to begin my journey to the city, and from there to the little town where I was to shine as a Refendary, a letter came from Waldern to my father. Mr. Waldern's letter was full of complaints and lamentations about Augustina, who, after my departure, was inconsolable, and was obliged to take to her bed with a fever. She had now become more tranquil. But he adjured me, now that I had no possession by which I could, without making myself ridiculous, think of a serious engagement with his daughter, not to visit the city again. I should only, by doing so, fruitlessly renew her sorrow and endanger her health. He repeated to me what he had already said to his daughter, that he did not object at all to the union, if I were in any office which would afford me a considerable income, and which I could not fail to be in, in a few years. Still farther, he had no objections to my keeping up a correspondence with Augustina, to make up for our separation, if I wished it.

This letter at first entirely overpowered me. I raved and raged against the tyranny and cruelty of men, till from fatigue I became quiet. I then began to think that Waldern had written very sensibly, and had promised me more than, from what my parents had said to me, I had a right to expect. The letter gave me, ever, a sort of triumph over my father. I blessed Waldern. I resolved to act like a man, and to win the hand of Augustina by my exertions. The permission to correspond by letter, I availed myself of at once. I wrote Augustina a letter three pages long, and a short one to Mr. Waldern, filled with my grateful emotions.

Waldern had worldly wisdom. He knew the human heart, and did not strive to dam up the violent stream of youthful inclination. The stream would only have become more furious and powerful and destructive. Now it flowed more quietly.

I did not journey toward the city, but went to the place where, as Refendary, I was to enter the course which was to lead me to an office of more profit and trust. The parting from my dear parents, the diversions of the journey, the first entrance into my new abode, and the beginning of the business of my office, had no small effect in bringing me to a more tranquil state of mind.

I labored with the most untiring diligence to perform in the most perfect manner, the duties of my calling. My exertions were noticed. Every one did honor to my knowledge of business. I had but one fault. I was too young. I must first reach the *annum canonicum*. Oh, how I sighed for my five-and twentieth year!

At last I reached it. One lives up to any age, if he does not die first! But there was sorrow here. My good mother died at that time, and a few months after her my father also. Yet my father had the pleasure, before his death, of seeing me Assessor in a Provincial College, with the title of counsellor, and endowed with a small salary. A great step toward the summit of my wishes, the hand of Augustina.

My correspondence with my beloved was in a good way. To be sure, during the first years we never wrote a letter which was not three pages long. In the course of the second year, we cut off at least half; and by the third, it was reduced to a single page. Time does wonders, but it does not extinguish true love. Augustina had, in the mean time, refused several young men who had paid their addresses to her. My letters were generally filled with regrets that I was not yet in a situation to ask her hand. My present salary was barely sufficient for my own personal expenses. The little inheritance from my father was nearly expended. She on her part assured me her parents were daily becoming more and more desirous she should accept some of the proposals of marriage which were made her, because she would soon have reached a certain age, when she would not be in so much demand, and would be called an old maid.

I felt her parents were right; and my understanding with Augustina being clear, I forgot the former proposal, and wrote to Mr. Waldern with regard to Augustina, that though I was not yet able to support a wife, yet I was consoled by the brightest hopes. This consolation did not go far with Waldern. He, in the meantime, refused again to give me Augustina, and gave me to understand that I made his daughter unhappy by these useless negociations, since she was now in the middle of the twenties, and was advancing with a quick step toward the thirties.

On receiving this letter, I sighed sorrowfully. "The man is right, perfectly right," said I; and I was magnanimous enough to acknowledge this to Augustina herself. I wrote to her, that as I could not see with any certainty the time when I could with propriety ask for her hand, she should not sacrifice her best years for me. I should not love her less, even if she were the wife of another; and my happiness would be increased, if I only knew she were more happy.

This gave materials for a correspondence that lasted for nearly a year, and in which the same circumstances were considered on all sides. We wished to exceed each other in love and generosity. But last I gained the victory, or rather Time, the wonder-worker, gained it, for Augustina was already six-and-twenty years old, a fatal period for maidens who would not increase the number of the eleven thousand in heaven.

However, very unexpectedly I received a letter from the city in an unknown hand. A counsellor of justice, Von Winter, thanked me in the tenderest and most feeling manner for my magnanimity, for Augustina was now his wedded wife. He begged for my friendship, and Augustina herself added a few pretty lines to the letter of her "dear husband," as she called him.

When I read this, it seemed as if I had fallen from the clouds. I cursed my untimely magnanimity, and Augustina's faithlessness. But what was to be done? Augustina was six-and-twenty years old. She was not altogether in the wrong. Notwithstanding, I was filled with extreme vexation on her account, which was increased when, a year after, her father died, by which event she arrived at free power over her hand and wealth. If she had only waited one year longer. Now it was all too late. I wrote not another line to her, nor she to me. We became to each other as if we had never met. [illegible], partly to amuse my mind, I looked about among the daughters of the land. Lovely roses were blooming there; willingly would I have gathered one of them, but alas the money!

Fortune now favored me. I was in a better place, in another city. Some of my labors drew the attention of the minister of State. I was employed in several important causes, and the success of these operated in such a manner, that when I had reached my thirtieth year, I received the honorable appointment of President of the criminal court, in the province in which I had until now been laboring. I had, beside the honor, a liberal salary,—was able to keep house handsomely,—visited the best families in the neighborhood, even where there were grown up daughters.

Thoughts of the city sometimes drove the blood to my cheeks, though I imagined I had forgotten Augustina, or I should rather say Madame Von Winter. As far as I could hear from travellers, her husband was a somewhat old gentleman of noble family; and the gracious lady lived, as they say in the court cities, upon the *court footing*, surrounded by admirers, every day engaged in parties of the nobility pic-nics, rondos, assemblies, ridottos, concerts, &c. The old simplicity of her father's house was gone. I was grieved when I heard these things. I could not accustom myself to think of the good, the celestial Augustina, as so employed. Sometimes I could not but think, "Thank God, that she is not my wife."

A second letter from the Minister of Justice made it necessary for me to take a journey to the city, which I had not visited for many years. I was received by the Minister, and even by the Monarch, in the most flattering manner. I had been three days in the city, without having found a moment in which I could visit Augustina, although I had intended it. One morning I received the following note:

"My dearest Mr. President.—Must your old friend learn first from the papers that you are here? Under fear of my displeasure I command you to come this evening and sup with me, in company with some good friends. Do not fail.
"Yours, attached, A. VON WINTER."

Natural enough! who would fail? But yet the tone in which she asked me, did not exactly please me. I had imagined her first address very differently, for there had come over me a peculiar anxiety and fear when I, on the previous days had thought, "I must go and see her." The separation for so many years, the various succeeding events in this interval of time, the old passion, and since then the changes between us two; these ideas all filled me with peculiar, and I may say, contradictory emotions, which made me dread the first meeting with my former love.

With a violent heart-beating I entered the coach, and alighted before the old Waldern house, now the house of Winter. Over the door I saw the coat of arms of a nobleman cut in the stone. Within, everything was new and elegant, so much so that I hadly knew myself there, but two quick-footed servants in pale green and gold livery, conducted me in the right direction, up the broad staircase, and into a spacious saloon filled with company.

The lady of the house, the gracious lady, received me standing at the entrance of the apartment. It was Augustina,—yes, it was she; and yet it was not exactly herself. Certainly not the fresh beauty of a girl of nineteen; but yet she was charming as a woman of thirty, full, majestic, easy. I could scarcely stammer out a word or two, I was so surprised, so bewildered. Her eyes, too, her blushes, told me of her quickened emotion. But she was so entirely her own mistress, so self-possessed, that she saluted me in the most agreeable manner possible, drew me from my embarrassment, reproved me sportively for having neglected an old acquaintance for so long a time, and taking me by the hand led me to the company, and presented me as a good friend whom she had not seen for ten years.

I soon recovered myself in the confusion of a general sprightly conversation. The lady of the house must do the honors of the house. She was equally kind, pleasant and amiable to all. As she came again for a moment near me, she said,

"How long do we have the pleasure, Mr. President, of keeping you in our city?"

And meeting me afterward again, "Excellent, my dearest, I tell you once for all, I expect you here every day, and appoint you for the whole time of your stay my *Cavalier serventè*."

I now made my request to her to present me to her husband. "Indeed," cried she, "I cannot tell you where he is; I believe, however, he is on a party in the country, with the royal master of the hunt. Apropos," added she, "are you married?"

The evening passed away. There was no opportunity for any confidential conversation with Augustina. We danced, we feasted; wit and folly reigned, and pomp and elegance dazzled.

I had, the next day, the happiness of seeing the husband of Augustina. The Counsellor of Justice was a man over fifty, very fine, very polite, nice, but sickly, feeble and meagre in his appearance. "Not so, my brave sir," said Augustina once in passing me. "You look very proud near my dog of a husband, and think to humble my taste a little, but I assure you, on my honor, he is, after all, a very good sort of a person."

The tone of the house did not please me, and nothing but the urgency of Augustina that I would be at all her parties, as much as my business would allow me, could have moved me to go there. She did not please me; and yet I found her so amiable, her lively manner, her grace, her wit, drew me there again, often when old recollections and a comparison of the present with the past would have held me back. I even felt she might be dangerous to me, in spite of her levity and her fashionable airs.

"But are you indeed happy, my gracious lady!" said I to her, one evening, when I at last sat alone with her in her box at the opera.

"What do you call happy?" replied she.

I took her hand, pressed it affectionately, and said, "I call that happiness which you once gave my heart. Are you happy?"

"Do you doubt it, Mr. President?"

"Then I am happy, if you speak truly."

"Speak truly! So, my little President, are you still the same old enthusiast. It befits you very well. But do not forget that an opera box is not a confessional. To tell you what you want to hear, we must be by ourselves. Visit me to-morrow morning, at breakfast."

I pressed her hand in gratitude. After the opera, we went together to the house of a friend of Augustina, a lady of the court, to join a supper party.

The next morning I was at her house at eight o'clock. The gracious lady was still asleep. At ten I was admitted. She was in a morning dress, but only the more lovely for that. Now came the confession, as she called it. I learned that when one has passed the sentimental season of girlhood, she must seek her happiness in solid things. She was very well contented with her husband, because he was reasonable enough to leave her undisturbed to her own occupations. The old-fashioned ideas which we have in our childish years, vanish when our understanding comes. To be sure, she could not deny that she had not by any means loved her husband as she loved me; and she added with a roguish smile, "old love does not rust. I like you still very well, but believe me I had rather have you for a lover than a husband."

I had much to say in contradiction of this, but she answered it all with laughter. Meantime her woman came and announced that breakfast was ready. She took my arm, and we went into the well known garden.

Ah, the dear garden, I no longer recognized it. The old flower beds were gone; instead of them there were clumps of foreign shrubs and trees arranged after the so called English taste, between green grass plats, single paths wound about them. The vine bower was changed into a close Chinese temple, shaded by the two acacias. We entered it. It was the prettiest boudoir in the world. Instead of the green wooden bench, a well-stuffed ma[illegible]

"Oh, the beautiful holy vine bower, our church, our altar, our childish blessedness, oh, where is it all!" sighed I, and gave a glance to Augustina, filled with sad reproach.

"Does happiness, then, depend upon the vine bower," said she, smiling. "I suppose, for the same reason, I am not half so dear to you as I was ten years ago, because I no longer wear the same dress."

"But, Augustina,—yes, I must call you so once more, and this place gives me the right,—have not certain memorials of those divine moments always remained with you? For example, see here your gold ring, which ten years since you placed upon my finger. I have constantly worn it since as a holy treasure."

"And I, to honor you, also, at least at breakfast to-day, have the well known pewter ring," said Augustina, and she held her hand before my face. "You see it has turned black, and yet I place it in my jewel case, a jewel among jewels."

As I looked at the ring, a bitter feeling came over me. I took her beautiful hand, which the ring made more beautiful, and impressed upon it a kiss of gratitude. Augustina withdrew her hand, and said,

"Ah, Mr. President, it is not well to confess to you."

After we had breakfasted, we left the Chinese temple, while she held up her finger with a threatening air, and said,

"Gustavus, you are still the same impatient enthusiast; it is not well for you to be near me. With you I might perhaps have been happier."

She then resumed her usual sportive manner of conversing, and reminded me of the hour when I should meet her at a ball in the evening.

Though I remained fourteen days longer in the city, I had no farther opportunity to see Augustina alone, perhaps because I avoided any. Notwithstanding, from the moment I left the Chinese temple, I felt the last spark of love extinguished in my breast. I could not conceal from myself that there might be danger in our meeting in this way. The time of my departure came. Oh, how different the parting from that of ten years ago! We separated with drums and trumpets, at a ridotto, which I left early because I was to set out on my journey the next day. We had waltzed with each other, and said many pretty things. She accompanied me to the door, and called after me an *adieu caro ami*, while she was reaching her hand to another partner in the dance.

I was glad at heart to fly from the wearisome bustle of the great world, and belong again to myself. I mused at my ease over what was to be my future life, as I travelled through fields and forests, through cities and villages. I mused upon the future,—the past with Augustina had become painful to me. Oh, how time had changed everything! My journey,—I was four days in reaching my home,—was somewhat tedious, for it was without any adventure. The last day I met with one of a very pleasing kind.

My servant stopped in the morning, in a village, before an inn, to feed his horses. I went into the house, and heard the sound of quarreling. The host and a half-drunken hired coachman, whose carriage was before the door, were disputing. A young, well-dressed lady, in a riding habit, sat weeping at a seat near the table. The difficulty had arisen because the driver would not carry the lady to the place where she maintained he had agreed to take her, but insisted upon going to a little town away from the principal road, where he had other business. He declared that he had, in the first bargain, agreed to carry her to this place. The host had taken the part of the young, timid beauty. On hearing she was the daughter of the minister of a village an hour's ride from my home, and but little out of my way there, I soon set the matter right. The lady, after some hesitation, (I told her where I was going, and who I was,) yielded to my request, and became my companion.

On the way there was much conversation. She had a sweet, soft voice, the purest, most angelic innocence in all her looks. In my whole life no ideal pictured beauty had I ever seen with such loving, kind and trusting eyes. I learnt she was called Adela. Her brother, two weeks before, had carried her to a small town where she had been visiting at the Burgomaster's, her father's brother. A misunderstanding had doubtless arisen in giving the directions to the stage-coachman, to which I was indebted for a very pleasant day. Adela with all her good humor appeared to have much natural wit. She was, however, rather too timid. When I reached her father's village, and I gave her to him, a stout, active old man, with what ecstacy did she throw her arms about his neck. I almost wished myself her father. Then appeared for the first time her natural and true manner. I was not able to stay long, notwithstanding the worthy pastor besought me to do so. I promised, however, to renew my visit; which, however, I did not very soon. I forgot it between business and amusement.

At a ball, about half a year after, I saw among the dancers another lady,—for in the thirty-first year of an unmarried man, ladies become of the greatest importance, one troubles more and more at the number of years.

I saw, as I remarked, a dancer that might be called incontestably the queen of all the beauties present. The young men fluttered like butterflies about her. It warmed my heart, if the eyes of the pretty Sylphide sometimes turned toward me; and to my astonishment that happened often. But at last it seemed to me as if I had seen this lovely figure in some company before, perhaps in the city, at Augustina's. I asked my neighbor who she was. Heavens! it was Adela! very different, certainly, in her ball dress from herself in her riding veil. As she went to rest after the last dance, I, a butterfly of thirty-one, approached the young lady, and she was so kind as to recognize her travelling companion. We danced. I inquired after the health of her father, regretted that business had prevented me from visiting him,—an exaggeration, perhaps, but before such an angel one must wash himself clean. I promised myself soon the pleasure of a visit, with a pleasant freedom. She assured me a visit from me would give her father great pleasure.

The ball caused a great revolution in me. The President of the Criminal Court became again a poet. I could not sleep for the whole night long; I saw nothing but celestial glances, dancing seraphim, and Adela floating between them. I wondered that so lovely, so amiable, so bewitching a maiden had not yet found a husband. Her father, they say, is as worthy as she is beautiful; but, alas, he has not much wealth! Oh, the fools! After a few days I went to visit the minister,—repeated the visit from week to week. Soon I was considered as a friend of the family; Adela would even reproach me if I staid away beyond the usual day, and once the tears came into her eyes when I pretended that perhaps she would prefer I should not come so often. We quarreled sometimes, for the sake of making up again, and once in the course of the reconciliation I have her a kiss, which did not renew the quarrel. She was silent, and her cheeks glowed with the deepest red. In short, I loved and was beloved. The worthy father shrugged his shoulders, and said, "You have no treasure with her but love, virtue and economy; but he who knows how to value these, has more than a ton of gold."

With the first flowers of spring, I wore the bridal wreath for my Adela. Her father himself blessed our union before the altar of his village church. And now, by the side of my noble little wife, I was the happiest of the happy.

In time we saw ourselves surrounded by blooming children,—angels of love,—who united us more tenderly to to each other. Adela became more and more lovely every day; a young mother is certainly more lovely than the most beautiful girl. The pure soul of Adela elevated my own ideas to a point they had never reached before. Man is never entirely happy, until he has the courage to be virtuous. Before my marriage, I had only thought of saving and amassing wealth; but when some years of our wedded life had passed, Adela's excellent management had made me feel that if I were to lose all I was worth, I could never be unhappy while Adela and my children were left me.

I now found that my departed father was entirely right in what he said when dissuading me, from my pursuit of Augustina, in regard to the relative age of a husband and wife. For, when I had reached my fortieth year, and Adela her thirtieth, and we had children of six and eight years old frolicking about us, Adela was still a handsome woman, who might have made conquests. Augustina, on the contrary, had arrived at a matronly age.

I seldom heard from the latter. We ourselves never wrote to each other. I heard sometimes from strangers, that she was somewhat faded, but that she was surrounded by a coterie of young men, particularly poets and artists, to whom her open table was very agreeable. I then learned that her husband was dead, and the poets who formed her court were middle-aged enthusiasts and mystics, protestant catholics, and that Augustina herself was much given to romancing, and some of her poetical effusions had graced the last Almanac of the Muses.

At the same time in which I received a new order from the Minister to visit the court, I also had a letter from Augustina, consulting me on a lawsuit in which she had become involved with some of the relatives of her late husband, and requesting my advice and presence in the affair. I was glad that my approaching visit to the city gave me an opportunity to comply with her request.

I was forty, Augustina the same. She could not be so dangerous to me as she was ten years before. This time I went the second day after my arrival in the city, without any heart-beating, to her house. I had sent before to know what time she would receive me, because I had been told she was seldom alone, being generally surrounded by fashionable poets, listening to or reading romantic jingle, talking religious mysticism, or at the card table with ancient ladies and gentlemen,—for play had become her passion. Her former friends, male and female, whom I had seen about her ten years before, had fallen off from her, for they were no longer sufficient for her. She was known throughout the city for her venomous tongue, was at enmity with everybody, and if one wished to know the city news, Madame von Winter was the person to visit. This I had heard from two of the former friends of Augustina, whom ten years before I used to meet at her house. Hum,—thought I,—but these good friends are also ten years older, and perhaps have themselves some disposition to slander, or as they call it in the city, scandal.

It was a summer evening, and as I entered Augustina's house, the servant told me her lady was with company in the garden. I went;—ah! the well known garden of my childhood! For the sake of affording the subject for a little joke with Augustina, I wore her gold ring, which she had twenty years before given me in exchange for the pewter one. Now the garden and the ring, the Chinese way.

"No, she has company, only a few persons."

I entered the temple. There sat, at two tables, two parties, engaged so deeply in playing cards, that they hardly saw me. I recognized Augustina. Oh, all-powerful Time! how changed! No, there was no danger now. I reflected with delight on my Adela.

Augustina was so engrossed in play, that she only saluted me, and begged me to excuse her a moment until she could finish the game. When this was over, she arose, overpowered me with civil speeches and questions, ordered refreshments for me, and offered me cards. I declined this, as I did not understand the game.

"In heaven's name," said she, "then how do you kill time, if you do not play cards? It seems unaccountable in a man of your spirit."

She resumed her play; the game was faro. The banker had great luck; all the money of the players soon lay before him. Every passion here shone out in the burning cheeks, the piercing eyes, the compressed lips. The banker was radiant with pleasure.

"I have stripped you all quickly," said he. "We were speaking, just now, of my very costly diamond," and he displayed a ring on his finger. "I will stake it in a lottery against all the rings in the company."

Eagerly and with longing eyes they all viewed the diamond. They accepted the proposal. Madame von Winter said,

"Rings trouble me at cards; I have none on." But she looked at me; "apropos, my friend, you are very kind, and will lend me yours for a moment."

Surprised at the request, I drew off Augustina's ring and reached it to her. "You see, my lady, it is yours; you may remember it."

She looked hastily at it, and saying, "So much the better," threw it into the pool with the rest, and fixed her eyes upon the diamond. But the rings were all lost. The banker won. Even the holy ring of our first love was gone, and on the very spot where in tears I had received it. Oh, all-powerful Time, how dost thou overturn everything!

We went to supper. The guests were in good humor; Augustina forced herself to appear gay, which gave to her aged features a disagreeable contortion. The wine was applied to, to raise the tone of conversation; it became more gay, but not more wise. The news of the city was discussed; their acquaintances and the secret histories of them passed in review. The conversation did not lack wit so much as charity, and to my great grief Augustina was the most full in wicked remarks. She did not hesitate, sometimes, to bear hard upon her own guests. Ah, could I have thought the adored, angelic being of fourteen would ever have reached this point! I felt weary and disgusted; and when, after supper, the cards were resumed, I took my leave.

It distressed me to find myself in the city, or rather to have seen Augustina so changed. I visited her once or twice with reference to the progress of her lawsuit, but I did not find her more agreeable than at first. In spite of the wrinkles in her face, she was not willing to be thought old. She freely applied rogue. I acted as if I did not perceive it. She now and then appeared willing to talk sentimentally of our former tender relation to each other, but it was disgusting to me. When I once let fall a word of her being forty years old, she looked at me with astonishment.

"I believe you are dreaming, Mr. President," said she, "your memory fails before its time. When we were first acquainted, you were ten and five years old. I was still playing with my dolls,—I remember it perfectly. A girl of ten years thinks no longer of her dolls, but on more serious matters. Therefore I am now five-and-thirty; and between ourselves, it is not impossible that I should marry again. A very excellent man, one of our first poets, has been long seeking for my hand. All his poems to the Madonna, to the saints,—all his holy legends, breathe the sweet fire of pure affection for me."

I gave my good wishes to the success of "the sweet fire of pure affection," and was glad to leave the neighborhood of the court, and return again to my Adela and her children.

One does not realize he is old until he sees the ravages of time in the well-known faces of his youthful friends. I returned from the city older than I went there. But as I embraced again my true, my faithful Adela, and my children clamoring about me, I unpacked first this thing and then that, which I had brought as presents from the city; then I grew young again. In the domestic circle of innocence and love, is eternal youth.

"In the course of time, many go before us into the better, and enduring and higher world of spirits, and our hearts bleed for them. But even these separations make life and the world more important to us; they join the Here and There more firmly in our minds, and carry something more spiritual, more exalted, into our thoughts, wishes and actions. The child is well pleased with a flower, a colored stone, a narrow play-ground, and grieves himself, little about the pursuits of grown up men. The young man and the young maiden press out into the broad world and the free air. The nursery becomes too narrow for them. They would have something more. They win, they lose, they strive, they never are satisfied. They would gain all the good of the earth; at last even this is not enough. With years life grows broader, and our views of life. To the child, the flower and the colored stone become too little; to the man and woman the enjoyment of all honor, all wealth, indifferent; the earth has too little for the spirit,—it stretches out its arms into the universe,—it demands and it receives eternity."

These were the words which the respected father of Adela said to us, on his death-bed. We wept, as we stood over the departed, but we loved him with a still more earnest, holy love, which sanctified ourselves. Adela and I lived a higher life, since there was no barrier between us and eternity, and we had something to love there as here.

The purest of all joys comes to us from our children. I accompanied my eldest son to the University; and it was the most agreeable surprise to Adela and myself, when I received, on my fiftieth birth-day, the royal appointment to the easy and honorable office which I now hold. This office made it necessary for me to live in the city; and from there to the University, where my son was pursuing his studies, was only a moderate day's ride. We were together as often as we wished.

Adela, indeed, left with regret her native city; but of the court residence she had heard often, and it had a charm for her maternal heart in its proximity to her first-born son. She was in her fortieth year,—no longer the ideal beauty which I thought her, when, at our first meeting, I saw her beside me in the carriage; but her features had acquired more exalted charms, her form had added dignity to grace. The heart of Adela had retained its youth. I loved her with the first love. Her lovely face, distorted by no passion in her youth, needed no false coloring to make it charming.

She knew my early relations with Augustina, and when we came to the city, she was very curious to become acquainted with my first love.

Three or four months passed away before I visited Madame Von Winter, for I felt little inclination to do so. We were told she no longer received company, that she lived extremely retired, and had become in her later years as avaricious as she had before been extravagant. This change of feeling might be considered as a consequence of her passion for gaming, to which she gave herself up, when she was no longer young enough for gallantry. She was most frequently found at mass, for, some years before excited by the romantic poets of the fashionable school, she had thrown herself into the bosom of the only true church, and had become a catholic.

When I visited her now for the first time, I was conducted again into the garden. As I passed through the house, I had seen pictures of the saints hanging on the dusty walls. The garden was like a wilderness, and thorns grew where Augustina and I once enjoyed the marriage feast. The acacias had been cut down, out of economy, to make firewood. The Chinese temple had lost all its outward ornaments, and was covered with honest dutch tiles; little pointed gothic windows of colored glass, like the church windows of the times of romance, and a cross on the top of the roof, made the little house resemble a chapel.

And so it was. As I entered I saw an altar, a crucifix, and an eternal lamp. Madam Winter, fifty years old, clad in a very simple matronly dress, just risen from her devotions, came to meet me, her rosary in her hand, and the murmur of prayer on her lips.

I stood still before her. She knew me, and seemed pleased. I could not conquer my feelings, but without moving I took her hand, and with moistened eyes pointed to the chapel. "Ah, Augustina," cried I, "when the light vine-bower stood here, when we in happy childhood exchanged our pewter rings,—when, ten years after, lover and beloved, we gave and received the first kiss of our innocent love, and vowed before heaven"—

"I beseech you, think no more of such vain children's play," interrupted she.

"Ah, Augustina, it was not well to change the simple vine-bower into the splendid boudoir; still worse that I should see the golden ring of love thrown away at the faro table; and now a chapel!"

"Sir," said Madame Winter, "we are cured at last of the intoxication of the world and its vain pleasures. You wound my heart by such recollections. If your salvation is dear to you, follow my example, learn to forsake a false world, and call upon the saints in heaven for their intercession."

When I returned home, I said to Adela, "No, dearest, we will not go to see her. I no longer know her. She has become a bigoted devotee. Oh, all-powerful Time!"

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

State Interest Paid.

The laudable efforts of the Governor of this State to provide means for the payment of the interest on the public debt have at length proved successful, and the proper officers have been engaged during the week at the Bank of Pennsylvania in satisfying the holders of scrip. The faith of the Commonwealth has thus been redeemed. Nothing but a series of unforeseen events could have prevented the liquidation of the interest on the first of February. The Executive deserves credit for the energy which he has displayed in this emergency.

The injunction on the Bank of Pennsylvania will now be removed and that institution re-open her doors. Her condition it is apparent is as good as that of most of the other banks.

☞ J. H. McKenzie, Esq., of Dundas, Canada, is duly authorized to act as agent for Grahame's Magazine, the Saturday Evening Post, and the Lady's World of Fashion.

[illegible] first stood, will not become a law,—and the gloom which hung over us last week is partially, though only partially dissipating.

We are no politicians, and rarely mingle in public affairs. We have, therefore, said nothing as to what should be done in the present or in any former emergency, for it is difficult, in times of excitement, to avow one's sentiments, without misrepresentation. Besides, the public affairs in this State, have been so long in the hands of sharpers of both parties, that it would be a work of supererogation to say anything against them. We have, therefore, maintained silence. On the Resumption Bill, as at first contemplated, we have, however, a word to say. Our remarks will relate only to that portion of the Bill which funded the Relief Notes of 1841.

A more iniquitous measure, in our opinion, than this would have been, has never been projected by our Legislature,—and we incline to think that the clause was penned in a moment of irritation, or under an ignorance of the true state of the case. These notes were issued on *the faith of the State*. They formed a sort of forced loan from the Banks. Had the people imagined that they were to be funded at the will of the Legislature, when State Stock was only worth fifty cents on the dollar, no man would have been found silly enough to touch the notes. But it was thought that the State had a high sense of her own honor, and that she would not, therefore, lend her countenance to paper which she was afterwards wantonly to depreciate fifty per cent. We know it is said that these notes are liabilities of the Banks, and that as the State is only collaterally bound to redeem them, even her offer to fund them is "*ex-gratia*," a matter of grace. But a Commonwealth stands in a different light from individuals. She should shelter herself behind no pettifogging excuse, she should scorn to avail herself of a mean technicality. It was understood that the Relief Notes were issued on the faith of the State, and that so long as she remained honest, these notes would be good. They were taken by innocent parties on this understanding. And now the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania steps in, and by an act of her own, reduces them down to half their value. Noble act!—commendable justice!

This act would have been the more iniquitous because the loss would have fallen chiefly on the poor, among whom small notes like the Relief ones, mostly circulate. During the panic on Thursday of last week, many a laboring man, or indigent widow, sold their notes at a ruinous sacrifice; and if the bill had passed, the distress from this cause, would have been increased a hundred fold. It is well that the Legislature paused. To have passed this clause of the Resumption Bill would have been to shake hands with repudiation.

Tenth Week of Congress.

Congress has now been in Session ten weeks, and we now ask, as we did at the end of the third week, *what has been done?* Comparatively nothing. Long speeches have been made and the usual amount of daily pay been squandered, but neither the finances of the nation nor the people themselves, are in any better condition than when the first member put his foot into the stage prior to the opening of the session. This waste of the public time has been committed, moreover, when at least two subjects, of paramount importance, are claiming the attention of Congress. The first is the state of the treasury—the second is the apportionment of the representation.

We are glad to see, however, that, during the past week, the members of the House have shown some desire to expedite the public business. The case of Mr. Adams has occupied the greater portion of two weeks, but it is now postponed, and will not, we suppose, be resumed for some time. This case has been one of vast moment, and the people generally have not grudged the time occupied in the discussion, although all honest men must regret that it could not have been conducted with less asperity and personality. To this discussion may be attributed part of the delay which many important bills have met with in Congress. We question, however, if, after all, this discussion will not ultimately prove a saving of time to the community. Men are never so ready to act as after a full expression of opinion; and both Mr. Adams and his opponents have availed themselves of these opportunities for a fortnight past. The truth of our remark is verified by the avidity with which Congress has recommenced its usual routine of business after this exciting debate. The National Intelligencer says on this point:

"The House has also made a beginning upon the Annual Appropriation Bills, which, under charge of the very efficient Chairman of its Committee of Ways and Means, have been digested and prepared with a care, precision, and minuteness of explanation, never exceeded, to say the least of it, on any former occasion. Two of these bills, having passed the House, have already become laws, the Pension Appropriation Bill being one of them. As for the remaining Appropriation Bills, and especially the Civil Appropriation Bill, if any opinion may be formed from the indications of the last week, its progress through the House will be very deliberate, if not slow, and even tedious. With this prospect before the House, desirable as we admit it to be, that the Appropriation Bills should be passed at an early day, we cannot but think that, in regard to another measure yet more urgent—the bill for the Apportionment of Representatives under the new Census—it is very desirable that its passage should be expedited by some such order on the part of the House as was proposed on Saturday by the respected Chairman of the committee who reported the bill, viz. to make it the Order of the Day from a given day until finished, and to limit the discussion of it to a day certain, (so that it should not for too long a time obstruct the passage of the Appropriation Bills.) The time is rapidly drawing nigh at which some of the States have been accustomed to make their elections of Representatives to Congress; and since, as every reader knows, the action of the Legislature of every one of the States will be necessary to give effect to the apportionment bill after Congress shall have passed it, it is quite obvious that Congress cannot act upon the subject too soon. In addition to which, it ought to be an influential argument with Members, that the Legislatures of some of the States have expressed an earnest desire that Congress will act upon the subject at the earliest possible moment.

"The two last days of the past week were commendably employed, according to the injunction of the Rules of the House in the consideration of Bills and Reports upon Private Claims. It would be a great honor to the present Congress, and would distinguish it in history, if it were, in judicial phrase, to *clear the docket* of all business of this character. The ends of justice, as well as of humanity, would be thereby promoted, not to speak of the honest pride which every Representative would have in being able to say to his constituents, when he returns to his house, that, as far as depended upon him, he has left undone nothing that he ought to have done—a duty correlative and equally imperative with that of doing nothing which he ought not to do."

Electric Telegraph.

Dr. Lardner, in one of his recent lectures, gave a description of the electric telegraph, certainly one of the most curious inventions of the day. "The telegraph" he says, "was invented by a Mr. Wheatston of London, who had devoted much time to the subject of electricity. The object of the telegraph is by the aid of electricity to communicate between two distant places in a very short space of time. In England it has already been applied along a railway for some hundred or more miles. All that is necessary is to go to the office at one end and ask his question; in about three minutes he receives an answer. I chanced myself, while engaged in railway operations, to witness an operation of this kind, and I shall not soon forget my astonishment at the result. I was standing near the office of the Great Western Railroad, when a passenger got out of the train of cars which had just arrived (over forty miles) from London, went into the office and told the clerk that he wished to send by the returning train a note to his hotel in London, concerning a cloak and umbrella he had left there. "Yes, sir," said the clerk, "wait a moment and I will give you the answer to your note." He turned to a small apparatus in a corner of the room, and in about three minutes told the man that his cloak and umbrella had been taken care of, and would be sent by the next train.

"The method of the operation of this invention is extremely simple, and is easily rendered intelligible. I have already explained the nature of the galvanic current which is produced when zinc, or copper, or other metals are brought in contact. The electricity evolved at the surface of contact is decomposed, the positive taking one direction and the negative the other; hence, if two wires be provided and put in contact, the one with the positive and the other with the negative fluid, these two currents will flow along them for any distance—even around the globe. Now, if a magnetic needle be placed over the wire along which these galvanic currents flow, it will be immediately turned at right angles to the wire, no matter what was its former direction. Now, suppose a wire be enclosed in a glass tube, or surrounded by some non-conducting substance, and passed the whole distance from New York to New Orleans, a needle placed above the wire at New Orleans would instantly turn at right angles to it upon sending along it the electric current. This would be the case with any number of wires. Thus we have a method of communicating instantly between distant places. The next thing is to devise some means of rendering the communication intelligible. A variety of signals have been employed for this purpose. In Wheatston's telegraph the letters of the alphabet were employed, and the mode of conducting it was this; at each end of the route was provided a lozenge marked off the different letters of the alphabet.

"Magnetic needles were placed above the wires in such a position with respect to the figures that any two of the needles may be made to point to each of the letters by the action of the fluid which, on being passed along the wires, causes them to turn at right angel to the wires.

"Now, in communicating from end to end, the person who makes the first advances passes a current along the wire, which lets go a bell at the other extremity—thus, a wire touched at New Orleans would let go a bell here, and its language is "I'm going to send you a message, so look about you." The person receiving this warning sends back a current which lets go a bell at the other end, saying in reply, "Go on, sir, I am listening to you." They then begin to spell out the words, if that is the method adopted. If E be the first letter, then two wires are touched, which will cause two needles at the other end to point to that letter on the lozenge, and so for all other letters. In general practice fewer letters are necessary than those of the alphabet."

The manner in which these telegraphs are constructed in England is this: the wires, of which there are five or six, are placed in glass tubes and buried several inches in the ground beside the rails. One is now nearly finished from London to Liverpool, and by it messages are transmitted with astonishing rapidity. For commercial purposes these telegraphs are of especial importance.

Kendall Alive.

Kendall, the witty editor of the New Orleans Picayune, who was taken prisoner in the Santa Fe Expedition, has written a letter to his brother editors in which he states that he is alive and well. We think some extracts will be interesting to our readers.

Chihuahua, Mexico, Nov. 27, 1841.

My Dear Friends,—You have doubtless, ere this, heard that your humble servant was in what may justly be termed "a bad muss," but this is the first time I have had a chance of letting you know it myself.

On the 15th September last, after suffering hardships almost incredible on the prairies, in the way of starvation, &c., myself, with four others, were taken prisoners by a detachment of Mexicans near San Miguel, New Mexico. After a confinement of some five weeks at San Miguel, a town some 50 miles from Santa Fe, I was taken and brought to this city, with near 200 of the troops (prisoners) attached to the Texan Santa Fe Expedition. To-morrow or next day we are all to start for the city of Mexico, where we shall probably arrive in February, and where I have the strongest hopes of gaining my liberty once more, and soon after my arrival. It appears a little singular, does it not, that I, an individual perfectly innocent, and with no wrong intentions towards this government, should be thus made a prisoner of and marched a distance of 1600 to 2000 miles! but at present we are well treated, and I have no reason to complain, although my case is a peculiarly hard one. One thing, however, I have gained by the operation—*health*, and that of the best kind.

This is a place I should like extremely well if I had my liberty, as the people are kind-hearted and very attentive and obliging to strangers. At Passo, a town some three hundred miles from this, I received favors from the priest of the place, such as would not be granted or conferred by any minister of the gospel out of Mexico—but of all this I shall speak further when I get home.

Once more, I say to all, keep "stiff upper lips." Tell all my friends that I shall "*manifest*" myself among them one of these days.

Hoping that you are all enjoying as good health as myself, I remain still. Geo. Wilkins Kendall.

☞ It is so long since I have written, that I have almost forgotten how!!

We hope soon to hear of the release of Kendall and his associates. The prompt steps taken by our government for this purpose reflect high credit on it.

By another conveyance we have a letter from Mexico giving an account of the arrival of a portion of the Santa Fe Expedition at Mexico. The letter writer says that 96 of the prisoners (among whom were Col. Cook, Dr. Richard Brenham of Shelbyville, Kentucky, young Combs, of Lexington, Kentucky, and Messrs. Lubeck, Brown, Hunt, and Sevey, officers, arrived on the 26th of December, at the convent near the Chapel of Guadaloupe, within two miles of the city. He describes their condition as wretched in the extreme, being bare-footed, covered with filth and all kinds of vermin, and in chains. They were at once escorted to the Palace in the city, there to be reviewed by Santa Anna. It being night, his Excellency was indulging in a *siesta*, which forbade interruption. They were therefore submitted under a strong guard, to the jibes and sneers of the Mexican populace, which had assembled under the *portico*, within a few hundred yards of the Palace, and then marched through the principal streets and public places. The guard which now accompanies them in their daily degrading occupation of street-cleaning, consists of 60 men. They work together in couples, connected by strong chains. Cook and Brenham are chained together.

A Great Suit.

The suit before the Supreme Court of the U. States, respecting the claim of land proprietors to the oysters, &c. in waters adjoining their property has at length been decided. Eight of the Judges out of nine, gave opinions against the claimants, so that any body is now allowed to rake for oysters in the New Jersey waters. As the subject is a curious one, we will give a short history of it, condensing our remarks from the Chief Justice's opinion, which lucidly explains the points involved in the trial.

The province of New Jersey was given by Charles II. to his brother James, Duke of York, by letters patent, conferring on him the prerogatives of government and all the perquisites of the crown, as well as the property of the soil. The Duke of York afterwards assigned his sole interest in East Jersey to a company of 20 proprietors. The proprietors, becoming involved in a controversy with the crown, in 1702 surrendered all their prerogatives of government back to the crown, retaining to themselves the property in the soil. The question now pending was, whether the use of the soil that is covered with navigable waters and which is now valuable for the oyster fishery, passed to the crown as an appendage of the government, or was retained by the proprietors as a part of the property in the soil. We quote:

"The Chief Justice said the King held the power to grant newly discovered lands, not as his individual property, but as the head of the nation, and acting in his public capacity. By the laws of England, the right of fishing in navigable waters is a national right of all the people, and it is a question quite unsettled in England, whether, since the granting of Magna Charta, the King has the power to grant an exclusive fishery in such waters. But when, by the Revolution, the sovereignty of New Jersey became vested *in the people*, the power of granting a fishery was to be tested by different principles.

"There was nothing in the form of the grant to the Duke of York which would sever the right of navigable waters and the fishing in them and soil under them, from the sovereignty, and attach it to the propriety of the soil. It was therefore to be understood, that this right passed to the Duke, and from him to the proprietors, and from them back to the crown, as one of the royalties, in the same manner as the navigable waters of England pertain to the crown, in trust, for the common use of the people.

"The surrender returned every thing pertaining to prerogative, to the crown, in the same manner, and to the same extent, that it had been granted to the Duke of York.

"If it had been the intention of the proprietors to retain to themselves the right of soil under navigable waters, it would have been so expressed in the deed of surrender.

"The Chief Justice further dwelt at some length on the fact that this right had been enjoyed by the people of New Jersey from the year 1702 until within a few years, undisturbed. He also referred to other charters that had received a similar construction, and to the great interests which would be unsettled by a contrary construction.

"The conclusion is, that the proprietors are not entitled to recover, and the decision of the Circuit Court is reversed.

"Judge Thompson said he did not assent to the decision of the Court, and should give his reasons.

"Judge Baldwin said he dissented from the opinion throughout."

The law may decide that any one has a right to gather oysters in the New Jersey waters; but as we happen to know something of the Egg Harbor men, we would advise interlopers not to be found on the oyster beds of Mullica, or any other New Jersey river.

Squadron in the Pacific.

There is a strong and sensible article in the U. S. Gazette for Tuesday last, respecting the insufficiency of the squadron at present in the Pacific. Every Naval commander who has been on that station has given testimony to the inadequacy of the force sent to protect our interests in that quarter. The vast amount of capital engaged in the whaling business demands that attention should be paid to this matter. The Gazette speaks thus on this point:

"Among the largest and most important interests at stake in that quarter, is that of our whale fisheries. The cruizing grounds of our whalers are all remote from the continent, and their rendezvous is usually at some of the groups of islands. *At this critical juncture*, as indeed it has been heretofore, this vast and important branch of our commercial marine, *this splendid nursery of seamen*, is entirely without protection."

The writer alludes in terms of no little severity to that economy which would save a cent to-day at the loss of dollars to-morrow. He also alludes to the misappropriation of funds for purposes of defence. He remarks thus;

"Great care is taken and very great expense incurred in manufacturing and in preserving arms and ammunition; our rigid economists vote cheerfully for all these appropriations. Let us tell them that it is an easy matter to [illegible] splendid commercial marine, and that all the arms and ammunition in the country are not worthy of a thought when compared with our interests which float upon the seas. And yet countless thousands are lavished upon the one, while stinted appropriations are doled out to the other with all the reluctance of penury to unworthiness. Besides, as a mere matter of dollars and cents, an efficient protection to our interests in the Pacific would enable enterprize to secure a flourishing commerce, the value of which to the nation would amply repay the expense of protection."

This matter is one which should be well understood. The possession of the Oregon Territory may yet be dependant on the force we may keep in the Pacific. In the present exhausted condition of the treasury it would scarcely be politic to expend much in increasing the force in the Pacific; but the subject should not be forgotten when the ability of the government shall be on its old footing. And if our legislators would go honestly and heartily to work, in order to restore the treasury to a healthy condition, we should be able to maintain a force fully adequate to defend our shipping and preserve our seamen.

Pennsylvania Schools.

The Report of the Secretary of the State is before us. From that document we learn that there are *one thousand and seventy-two* school districts in Pennsylvania, out of the city and county of Philadelphia. Of these 917 have accepted the State appropriations, and 155 have not. The whole number of schools in the accepting districts, is 6,470.—The average duration of these schools in 1841, was five months and seven days.

Number of male teachers employed	5,234
Female do	2,368
Average salary of male teachers per month,	$18.91
Do of female teachers,	$11.45
Whole number of male scholars in the schools in 1841,	156,225
Female do	128,244
Total,	284,469
Average cost of each scholar per quarter,	$1.26
Number of scholars receiving instruction in the German language,	5,174

It is estimated that in the accepting districts, there are about 37,000 children over five years of age, and under fifteen who are not instructed either in the common schools or in the Academies or Female Seminaries.

The number of scholars in the public schools of the city and county of Philadelphia, is	27,500
The whole number of children between the ages of five and fifteen, is	51,963
The sum expended for school buildings in the city and county, in 1841, was	$46,785

These statistics, when placed by the side of those in another part of our paper respecting education in the United States, afford food for thought. Our people must be educated more.

Steamer Mississippi.

This noble frigate has proceeded to Norfolk. Prior to her departure on Thursday she made several experimental trips on the Delaware. Her time, on one of these excursions, from Newcastle to Philadelphia, was two hours and twenty-five minutes. Her consumption of coal was one ton an hour, (original calculation forty tons per diem;) steam, ten pounds; vacuum, twenty-eight inches; revolutions, seventeen.

In the Engineer Department, there is one chief engineer, six assistant engineers, eighteen firemen, eighteen coal heavers; and she sailed with two hundred tons of coal on board.

Principal Officer—Captain Salter.
Commander— ——— Kelly.
First Lieutenant—McBlair.

An erroneous impression has gone abroad that the Mississippi had been ordered to Norfolk to finish her outfit for a cruize, but such is not the case; she is completely officered, manned, provisioned, watered and *armed cap-a-pie*, and ready to go into action instanter, if necessary.

Our Philadelphia mechanics have cause to congratulate themselves upon this favorable completion of another of their *great works*. It will be recollected that the steamship Missouri was launched in New York in December, 1840—we have not yet heard of *her movements*, whilst the Mississippi, which was not launched till the 5th May last, is now ready for any service which she may be called upon to perform.

Jails in Massachusetts.

The number of persons in the jails and houses of correction in Massachusetts during the last year was 4584. Of this number 792 were confined for debt. There were 290 males, and 870 females committed, of whom 1422 were addicted to intemperance. The value of their labor $20,812, and the total amount of expenses $56,574.

Boz Ball in New York.

The Gothamites seem bent on carrying the Bostonians in their hospitalities to Boz. He arrived in New York, on Saturday last, and was already engaged on Monday, it is said, to a round of parties, dinners and other entertainments which would occupy his time during the fortnight he proposes to remain in our sister city. Alas! amid this feasting and high life, he will have little chance to see the *people* of this great country. It was not in the salons of the gay and proud, that he learnt to depict such characters as Smike, or Oliver, or—more beautiful than all—Little Nell.

On Monday, a magnificent Ball was given to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, at the Park Theatre. The whole of the vast stage, made temporarily sixty feet deeper than usual, was turned into a ball-room. About two thousand two hundred persons were present. Every thing was got up in the most costly and elegant style,—and the display of dresses, jewellery, &c. was said to have been unsurpassed. Verily these are hard times!

The gallery part of the Theatre was hid by bunting and statues of Apollo, the nine muses, Cupid and Psyche, and portraits of all the American Presidents, with the coat of arms of each State, served as some of the ornaments. The sixteen boxes of the second tier where hung with crimson drapery, with a blue ground in the corners, having thereon twenty-six stars, the whole of the boxes thus presenting the appearance of a number of oriental tents. In front of the second tier, were medallions, ornamented with wreaths, on which were painted various devices representing the works of Boz. Interspersed were a number of stars, and in the centre of them, surrounded by wreaths, there was an admirable portrait of Charles Dickens, surmounted by a splendid golden eagle, holding a laurel crown in his beak.

The display of flags, wreaths, and festoons of flowers throughout the building, was magnificent and highly effective. The stage decorations were the most beautiful that could be imagined. The stage had been widened, and was made to represent a splendid chamber of carved and gilded oak, with a magnificent ceiling to match, of the Elizabethian age. On each pannel of this apartment was a *medallion tableau*, representing a scene from Boz's works. They embraced the following subjects:—

1. Emotion of the Kenwigs.
2. Bumble and Mrs. Corney taking tea.
3. Sam Weller writing his Valentine.
4. Quilp and the dog.
5. Oliver asking for more.
6. Nell's Death Bed.
7. Mantillini poisoned for the seventeenth time.
8. Pickwick in the pound.
9. Nicholas teaching French to the Kenwigs.
10. The Sagacious Dog reading the "Caution to Dogs."
11. Old Weller and his grandson.
12. The Bailiffs at Mantillini's.
13. Dancing Dogs.
14. Old Weller dipping Stiggins' head in the horse trough.
15. Sim Tappertit's Reverie.
16. The Old Man at Nell's grave.
17. Nell reading in the Old Church.
18. Oliver beats Noah Claypole.
19. Nell in the Old Church Yard.
20. Old Curiosity Shop.

A drop curtain was placed in the centre of the stage, painted like the frontispiece to the Pickwick Papers, and exhibits all the characters in that work. This was drawn up, and there were presented the *tableaux vivante* in the following order.

1. Mrs. Leo Hunter's dress, dejune.
2. The middle aged lady in the double bedded room.
3. Mr. Bardell faints in Mr. Pickwick's arms.
4. Mr. Bardell encounters Mr. Pickwick in prison.
5. The red nosed man discourseth.
6. Mr. and Mrs. Mantillini in Ralph Nickleby's office.
7. Oliver Twist at Mr. Mayley's door.
8. Little Nell, her grandfather, the military gentleman, and Mr. Slum's unexpected appearance.
9. Little Nell leading her grandfather.
10. The Stranger scrutinizing Barnaby's features in the widow's cottage.
11. The Pickwick Club.
12. Washington Irving in England, and Charles Dickens in America.

The blaze of light from the innumerable Chandeliers was intensely vivid, and while the dancers were in motion, the *tout ensemble* of the Theatre was like a scene of enchantment, which no language could depict. The supper was furnished at an expense of about $2500.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickens entered the ball room directly after nine o'clock, and were introduced to the Mayor, who stood in the centre of the room. The company gave [illegible]

On the subject of *lionizing* Boz, the New York Express has some happy hits. It pounces on the following advertisement, which appeared in the American, previous to the Ball, and then continues,

Boz Ball!—A ticket of admittance for a Gentleman and Lady to the above Ball may be had, if applied for before Friday night. Price $40, note addressed to "B." box 40 Lower Police Office, will receive attention.

Boz tickets are now unpurchasable. Ten shares U. S. Bank Stock could not get one.

Hog being 1 cent a pound in Illinois, it would take 4000 pounds of hog to get the ticket advertised alone. This is going a good many hogs.

"Boz" has rooms at the "Carleton." Happy House!

Our own admiration of the genius of Boz is well known, but, at the same time, we set our faces against the folly which the Gothamites evince, in leading Mr. Dickens in every direction, in order to have him for a *lion* at a dinner or a party. Not half of the noise made about him in New York originates from admiration of his genius. On this subject the Express has the following truthful remarks, although, we confess, they are not without a spice of satire.

"Mr. Dickens must not attribute all this flurry and *fol-de-rol* to wrong causes. We love excitement in this country. A *spasm* is necessary, every now and then, for our very existence. Politics, our usual resource, are at a dead halt, and there is no sort of interest attached to the agitation of them just now. We want a Lion—we want a Ball—we want amusement, fun, and frolic, and the "Boz" comes along, just in the right time for us to have the very best of excuses to have all of them. If Boz had dropped in when the whole nation was singing Tippecanoe songs, Boz would have been no Lion at all."

When Boz comes to Philadelphia we trust he will be received hospitably and decorously. But we fear he will be disappointed in his visit; for we are quite sure that the Philadelphians will not make fools of themselves, although, we venture to say, his genius is better appreciated here than in mercurial Gotham.

Education in the United States.

This is said to be an educated country and perhaps, as a nation, we *are* educated, at least relatively to other nations. But there is still room for improvement. Indeed the number of persons in the United States who *cannot read and write*, is almost incredible. According to the last census the number, thus ignorant, is as follows:

In Tennessee,	58,540	total white pop'n.	640,062
In Kentucky,	45,018	do	590,253
In Ohio,	35,018	total population	1,519,467
In Michigan,	2,173	total not estimated.	
In Indiana,	38,100	total population	685,866
In Illinois,	27,502	do	476,183
In Missouri,	19,452	total white pop'n.	323,888
In N. Hampshire,	927	total not estimated.	
In Massachusetts,	4,448	total population	737,699
In Rhode Island,	1,663	do	108,830
In Connecticut,	0,526	do	301,015
In New York,	14,931	do	2,428,921
In New Jersey,	6,383	do	373,306
In Pennsylvania,	17,093	do	2,632,777
In Delaware,	4,832	do	78,085
In Maryland,	11,605	total white pop'n.	317,717
In Virginia,	29,808	do	740,968
In N. Carolina,	56,609	do	484,870
In S. Carolina,	20,615	do	259,084
In Georgia,	30,717	do	407,695
In Alabama,	22,592	do	335,185
In Mississippi,	8,360	do	179,074
In Louisiana,	4,861	do	158,457
In Arkansas,	6,567	do	77,174

In the States not holding slaves, the whole population is enumerated—in those holding slaves, the *whites* only.

Here are 369,000 *free white persons in our country unable to read and write*. Lamentable neglect! The friends of the cause of education should be up and doing, for with such numbers ignorant, we do not wonder at the excessive crime this nation witnesses.

A Bank Robbed.

The Phœnix Bank of New York was robbed on the 8th inst. of $1900, in Highland Bank bills. There is reason to believe that these notes were exchanged at the Atlantic and Long Island Banks, Brooklyn, and a part of the proceeds, say $1500, invested in a certificate of deposit on the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank of New York. The certificate is dated February 9th, is drawn in favor of James Watson, who represented himself of Philadelphia, and at present living in the Commercial Emporium. He is stated to be a man about 5 feet 10 inches high, sandy complexion and plain dress, age 30 or 35 years. The Bank will give $300 for the recovery of the money and the arrest of the thief.

Confining the Captain.

The British ship Ann Hall, arrived at Charleston a few days ago, in charge of the first mate, with the captain in irons. The crew give as the cause of this extraordinary proceeding, the continued intoxication of the captain, and his tyrannical and improper conduct. The crew have been placed in prison, until instructions shall be received from the British government.

Awful Suicide.

We are called on to record another melancholy death, arising from a Bank defalcation. We allude to the suicide of John G. Boyd, who has, of late, been extensively known as the Cashier of the Towanda Bank. The U. S. Gazette gives the following account of the causes which led to this shocking crime.

He had become indebted to the Penn Township Bank in a large amount, for which ample collateral security was held, but on Wednesday, it was deemed important that he should be arrested on the suit of that institution, and accordingly, Mr. Saunders, the Sheriff's officer, proceeded to a house in Schuylkill Seventh below Vine st., and took him into custody. Mr. Boyd proceeded through a part of the city with the officer, and saw several persons. Was at the office of William L. Hirst, Esq. the attorney for the Bank. He was also at the Bank, and went thence to the office of his counsel, C. Guillou, Esq. whence he departed early on Thursday morning, returning, by his request, to the House in Schuylkill Seventh street. There, having packed up his clothes, and burnt some papers, he returned to the officer, when he mentioned that he had left something. He went up stairs, and shot himself with a pistol, which he had carried in his pocket. He lingered until about nine o'clock on Thursday, and died, making no explanation that we could hear of touching his recent acts.

The act was committed by placing the pistol in his mouth. The ball passed through his head, and lodged in the vertebræ.

Boyd had distinguished himself, before this unfortunate connection with the Towanda Bank, by some transactions, which drew upon him suspicions of bad intentions. But within a year or two, he seems to have managed to win the confidence, and spend the money, of men who, it might be supposed, would not easily be deceived.

Boyd was a married man, and had one family, we believe, in one of the northern counties. He had another wife, however, in this city, on whose family, it is calculated he has spent during the past three years, upwards of $20,000.

It is difficult to imagine how a man, with so little claim to confidence as Boyd possessed, should have succeeded, as he has done, in obtaining the confidence of gentlemen of respectability and wealth. But he certainly did succeed, and must have wasted an immense amount of money within a short time.

It is but proper to state, that since the 1st of January last, Mr. Boyd has not had any connection with the Towanda Bank.

Wonderful Escape.

During the late freshet on the Mohawk the lives of more than one person were in imminent danger. One of these persons was saved from almost instant death miraculously. The river was full of timber floating down with the roaring current, and the mass of water as well as the accumulation of timbers soon grew to be so powerful as to sweep everything away before them. During its mad career, the freshet came to Miller's bridge, a part of which instantly bilged under water. John McGee, a young man of great daring, made an extraordinary leap, and succeeded in saving himself.

Unfortunately Mr. George Woodford was upon the sinking end of the bridge, and in imminent danger of being crushed. With great presence of mind, in an instant, he tore off his overcoat, and dived deep into the water, passing entirely beneath the timbers, and not rising to the surface until he had passed both bridges. Not having been able to free himself from his boots and other garments, he became much exhausted by this wonderful feat; but at this moment he secured floating planks, and placing himself upon them, was carried down the stream at a rapid rate near half a mile, when his raft struck upon a quantity of lodged brush and flood wood. On this pile he endeavored to save himself; but in getting upon it, he lost his planks.

The horror of his situation, says the Utica Observer, may be imagined. Midnight darkness prevailed—he was in the midst of a rapid current, surrounded by floating ice, and a heavy rain was beating his bare head—he feels the pile beneath him giving way—in a moment all dissolved, and again he is compelled to swim for life. Becoming greatly chilled, he finds his strength fast failing him—he is borne down by the flood—one effort more—he makes for a tree—with the utmost difficulty he reaches it, and climbs into its branches. Here he commenced calling loudly for assistance, and fortunately was heard by Mr. Rogers and others who were in search. Lights and a boat were procured, and Mr. W. was released from his perilous situation. Seldom is recorded so remarkable an escape from death.

The Late Floods.

[illegible] well as on the Mohawk waters. The Danville Intelligencer of the 11th inst. says:—

"Up to this date, in the present winter season, the river opposite Danville has not been frozen over, and most of the time there has been little ice in the North Branch. The ice that had formed in the Shamokin Pool moved off on the evening of the 30th ult., and soon after the ice that had formed in the creeks, and at the head of the branches of the Susquehanna, passed off. In consequence of the warm weather, and heavy showers of rain to the North, the snow was suddenly melted, and produced the highest fresh in the branches of the river we have ever had in the winter season. The West Branch was at its height on Friday or Saturday last, and the North Branch on Sunday last; the North Branch overflowed the Canal in several places, and much damage has been done by the washing and breaking of the banks, and we understand the Fishing Creek aqueduct has been materially injured. The flood touched the lower weather board of one of the reaches of the Danville Bridge, but no great damage was done to the Bridge, except the breaking of some of the weather boards by the projecting limbs of the driftwood. While the water was up, for several hours the wind dashed the waves against the banks of the river, and in some places the banks have been undermined and washed in, thereby damaging the land, the fences and the road. The lowland along the river was all under water, as usual in time of high water, to the injury of fences, grain in the ground, and, in some places, no doubt, to the destruction of cattle."

Temperance in Congress.

The temperance society formed by the members of Congress is in a highly flourishing condition. The National Intelligencer contains a copy of the Constitution. The Hon. George N. Briggs, of Massachusetts, is the President of the Society. The Vice Presidents are as follows:

Vice Presidents.—Thomas W. Gilmer, of Virginia; Thomas Henry, of Pennsylvania; Samuel S. Bowne, of New York; Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky; Edmund Deberry, of North Carolina; Harvey M. Watterson, of Tennessee; John Thompson Mason, of Maryland; Calvary Morris, of Ohio; John Mattocks, of Vermont.

Secretary.—J. M. Howard, of Michigan.

Treasurer.—Seth M. Gates, of New York.

Executive Committee.—Lott Warren, of Georgia; Thomas W. Williams, of Connecticut; James Irwin, of Pennsylvania; Charles Hudson, of Massachusetts; Lewis Riggs, of New York.

The preamble of the Constitution is as follows:

"Regarding the use of intoxicating liquors as injurious, and tending to produce individual and social evils of the most dangerous kind, and desirous, by our individual example and our united efforts, to check and control those evils, we do hereby agree to form ourselves into a Temperance Society, and adopt the following."

This is a noble example and will have a noble effect. The friends of Temperance will hail the movement with unmitigated delight.

Latest from Tampico.

By the brig Norfolk, Capt. Matthews, at this port from Tampico, we are favored with advices from that place to the 21st January. There is no political news by this arrival. Business generally was very inactive, and all descriptions of dry goods were exceedingly dull. The most important item of intelligence received by the Norfolk, is that the Government has decided upon returning the 10 per cent. duty which they had charged upon goods going into the interior. The mode of payment at our last dates, (January 21) was then under discussion, but not settled. The Conducta was not expected at Tampico until the 8th February. The Norfolk has brought about $10,000 in specie, and has a full cargo of fustian, hides, goat skins, &c. A schr. was going into Tampico as the N. came out, which Captain Matthews supposed was the Vigilant from this port. The Apalachicola and Doric, were at Tampico the 21st ult., the former to sail for New Orleans in 3 days, and the latter for do. soon.

German Railway.

The *Prussian State Gazette* publishes a long article on the railways of Germany, the result of which is the division of all the lines of railway into the following:

Miles finished	[illegible]	which have cost	[illegible]
Miles in course of construction	[illegible]	which will cost	[illegible]
Miles determined on	[illegible]	estimated at	[illegible]
Miles projected	[illegible]	previously est'd to	[illegible]
Miles, lines of junction	[illegible]	proximate do	[illegible]
Total number of miles	[illegible]	Cost	[illegible]

The *Leipsic Gazette*, on the other hand, announces that the Austrian Government has decided on authorizing the construction of a railway between Vienna and Dresden, by the valley of the Elbe. It is expected that all possible favor will be conceded to the plan, and that there will even be the guaranty of an interest of 4 per cent.

Too Much Talking.

Miss Abigail Folsom has been haranguing the Massachusetts Legislature from the gallery. She seems to think that one person has as good a right as another to talk, and that a seat on the floor of the house or the privilege of wearing a coat has nothing to do with the matter. The Boston Advertiser gives the following account of her "holding forth."

"Miss Abigail Folsom attempted to speak on the Williams College Resolve, in the House of Representatives, yesterday, in character of a friend of humanity. The authoritative cry of the Speaker, who called for "Order in the House," and, possibly the general laughter of members, subdued her, and she immediately sat down. The courteous and urbane Sergeant-at-arms at once went into the gallery and informed her that if she said anything else which could be heard on the floor of the House, an officer, whom he placed next her, would immediately lead her out, by force if necessary. Miss Folsom took the information in the kindest possible manner, and said no more through the session, except in private conversation. She expressed her views to some gentlemen who conversed with her subsequently, on the freedom of speech and freedom of the press, but the officer, who sat by her through the day, was not obliged to exercise the power put into his hands."

Trouble in Eastern Texas.

A few weeks ago says the N. O. Picayune, we published a chapter, giving the particulars of the troubles between the "Regulators" and "Moderators" in Shelby county, Texas. After a few days' war, during which thirty or forty men were massacred, peace was proclaimed. Recent advices, we are sorry to say, announce the renewal of the difficulties. The Red Lander, published at St. Augustine, of the 13th ult. gives us the following items:

During the early part of the campaign, a man named Humphreys was taken by one of the parties, and severely whipped for stealing horses. Afterwards, it appears, he was charged with being one of the persons concerned in the murder of C. W. Jackson. He was again taken in the same party, carried to Logansport, and hanged, as is stated, for that offence. It appears there is but little doubt about the guilt of Humphreys, in relation to the horse stealing, and it is quite probable he may also have been engaged in the outrage upon Jackson and Lower.

A Coal Mine.

Caraccas papers received by the Journal of Commerce, describe an immense coal mine recently discovered near Porto Cabello. The following is the language of one of the papers—

"There is nothing to be compared with it. The coal lies at the surface; and extends its huge veins over an immense space; it borders the sea five leagues; and its quality is acknowledged by engineers, to be superior to the best English. So vast a mine has never been seen before; and its veins, 3 or 4 yards in diameter, and of an infinite number, have surprised all who have seen them."

A schooner is constantly engaged in conveying coal from the mine to Porto Cabello, and it is expected that others will be added. The Governor of Curacoa has given orders for a quantity of this coal for the use of the steamer of war pertaining to the Colony. Orders have also been received from St. Thomas, Trinidad, and other places.

New Mode of Distributing Books.

The Rev. Mr. Caswell, missionary in Siam, has distributed many children's Tracts to children receiving instruction in the houses of the priests connected with the *wats* or temples. At fourteen of these wats he found on an average forty boys each who could read; and the priests not only countenanced their receiving the books, but begged hard for them themselves. Frequently he had given books to boys who, though entirely naked *could read fluently*. On one occasion two boys ran up to him for books, without a particle of clothing, and covered with the mud of the canal. They could not take them in their muddy hands—so he told them to open their mouths, and inserting the corner of a Tract between the teeth of each, they scampered away as fast as they could.

Watchmen Turned Burglars.

The New York Courier states that officers Hilliker and Parker of the upper police, arrested on Saturday, two city watchmen named John Sinclair, and John Kennedy, of the 3d District Watch, charged with having burglariously entered and robbed the stores of Messrs. Cutter & Co. and John Hays. Sinclair had been for several months a cartman in the employ of Messrs. Cutter & Co. and thus had greater facilities for accomplishing his ends. The worthy pair had done business on so large a scale, that they had rented a store, where they kept their plunder, and on searching this, the officers found a large amount of the property stolen, besides an endless variety of other goods, supposed to be stolen; for which owners are wanted. They were both fully committed for trial.

The Steamer President.

We mentioned, last week, that a portion of the hull of the President had been seen at sea. Further vestiges of this ill-fated craft have since been discovered. The schooner Mokins, at New York, from Cape de Verds, reports that the stern-boat of the ill-fated steamship President, and some of her water-casks, had been picked up by a vessel and carried into St. Nicholas. One way of accounting for the floating of these articles is, that the ship when foundered carried down her boats, (which probably were lashed on deck,) and of course the water-casks, which were under decks, and that by some great commotion of the ocean the wreck had been broken up and they floated out.

Florida.

A slip from the office of the Savannah Republican, brings information that on the 2d, "the garrison at Fort Mellon were surprised by the sudden appearance at the gates, of two warriors in rich costume, bearing a flag of truce. They were adorned with silver brooches, rich leggings, and the turban of each was surmounted by the dark and drooping feathers of the ostrich. The pouch of one of them, in lieu of game, was portly filled with silver dollars—and the general appearance of both was indicative rather of the pride of the conqueror than the humiliation of the pursued." They made known the place where their party was concealed, about twenty-seven miles distant.

Melancholy Disappointment.

A short time since, a woman, with her infant child, fell overboard from Craige's Bridge, Boston, and was drowned. A few days since, her husband, Mr. William Lavender, arrived at New York, as mate of a vessel, and hastily proceeded to Boston, in the full expectation of finding his little family all well. All that now remains to him, of his once happy home, is an interesting daughter about six years of age, who is remarkable for an early development of great personal beauty. She had been adopted into the family of Mr. Tilton, the enterprising and kind-hearted lessee of the Horn Pond Hotel, Woburn. What a melancholy disappointment!

St. Louis.

St. Louis, in the State of Missouri, is progressing with immense stride. This is one of the old French settlements of the last century, and some descendants of these first colonists are still to be found there. It is situated on the Mississippi, seventeen miles below the junction of the Missouri and that river, and one hundred and seventy-five miles above the mouth of the Ohio. In 1820 it contained four thousand inhabitants, now it numbers not far from thirty thousand, and as a place of steamboat trade, is destined to be perhaps the greatest of any inland city.

Attack on an Assemblyman.

One of the members of the Provincial Assembly of New Brunswick was attacked a few days since in the streets of Fredericktown, by a youth armed with a bludgeon. The assault was made in consequence of some remarks uttered by the member, in a debate in the Assembly, on a previous day. These remarks charged the father of the youth, who is at the head of the Audit Board, with incompetency. The Assembly expressed great indignation at the affair, and the Speaker forthwith issued his warrant to arrest the offender.

More Financiering.

An individual named Moorehouse, recently President of the Shiwassi Bank of Michigan, was arrested at Mount Vernon, Ohio, a few days ago, for passing counterfeit $100 notes on the Lafayette Bank of Cincinnati, and committed to jail. In the room where this Moorehouse and one S. A. Cowden, an accomplice, lodged in Wooster, was found $10,000 of these notes, all in $100 bills. Cowden was arrested, but owing to some flaw in the Commitment he was released.

A Yankee Arab.

The celebrated Arab chief, who has for several years baffled the French generals that have been sent to Africa, is accompanied on all his expeditions by a regular down-easter—one Zachariah Coffin, a veritable descendant of the old Admiral. He sports the Moorish dress, rides a magnificent barb, heads a squadron, lays by the dollars, but refuses to change his religion.

Imprisonment for Debt.

A bill to abolish imprisonment for debt has been reported in the Assembly of New Jersey, but at this late period of the session, there is not much chance of its becoming a law now. Its provisions are only applicable "where the cause of action shall have arisen after the passage of the act."

The City.

☞ A destructive fire occurred on Tuesday evening on the Delaware wharves, south of Lombard street. The fire broke out about nine o'clock and raged until morning. The large stores occupied by H. S. Ohl, Lewis & Brothers, Jno. McCrea, S. W Clement, J. F. Ohl and others suffered materially. The loss falls very heavy on Messrs. Ohl, and Messrs. Lewis & Brothers, who had just stored a large quantity of sugars received by late arrivals. The buildings were insured, but the merchandise only partially. The loss is about $100,000. A fireman fell and dislocated his shoulder. This is one of the most serious fires we have had since the great fire at Chesnut street wharf, about three years since. The firemen exerted themselves nobly.

☞ Dr. Eldridge, has instituted a suit in the District Court, against the following corporations and individuals, The Philadelphia, Moyamensing, Western, and Commercial Banks; James Young and John McLean, High Constables; John B. Trevor, John M. Houston, Joseph R. Paul, George Helmbold, Thomas Sturgis, and Jacob J. Cope, bank officers. The object of the action is to recover damages for the alleged trespass, committed in the arrest of his person, and the seizure of the goods and monies found in his rooms.

☞ There will be little scarcity of ice here this season if what we learn from Pottsville is correct. The good folks there, ever ready to turn a penny, have laid up an immense stock, filling all their ice houses, and piling it in large masses upon the ground, and building shantees over them in order to protect it from the weather. The facility of transportation afforded by the Pottsville and Reading Rail-road, will insure a supply of this indispensable article at a price a fraction more than it usually commands.

☞ The county expenses are scarcely legitimate matter for a city item,—but as so many citizens are interested in them we insert them here. The receipts for the past year have been $664,582,—expenditures, including $116,943 now in the Treasury, $664,582. $24,700 have been paid to jurors,—$15,195 have been paid to tipstaves and criers—$5000 to constables. Including the salaries of judges, the administration of justice is a heavy item of expense to the people.

☞ From the catalogue of the Trustees, Officers and Students of the University of Pennsylvania, we learn that the Collegiate Department consists at present of 24 seniors, 31 juniors, 29 sophomores, 26 freshmen, total 110. Aggregates, 110 in Collegiate Department, 363 Medical Department, 155 Academical Department, 142 Charity (English) Schools, total 770.

☞ On Monday afternoon, as two oxen were being taken over the Delaware in a ferry boat from Callowhill street wharf, one of them jumped overboard, and was with difficulty brought to Poplar lane and there got upon shore. He soon after fell down from exhaustion, and was killed, so as to be conveyed to New Jersey.

☞ On Tuesday night, a man named Hugh Dougherty, was taken to the Hospital with his face badly burned and injured by a premature explosion while blasting rocks during the day on the Schuylkill.

☞ The cabmen in Dock street have been compelled, by the authorities, to stand twenty feet from the pavement. This was done to prevent them from annoying persons with their solicitations.

☞ The Girard Bank is up for rent—price $4000 per annum. The building belongs to the Girard estate, of which trust John L. Warner is treasurer.

☞ A lady was nearly killed on Monday, in Eighth above Market street, by the falling of a sign that had been placed on the top of a house.

☞ Six colored men and a boy have been arrested for burglary. They form the gang whose depredations we have had so often to record.

☞ An elderly man named Joseph Gold, fell down in the street in an apoplectic fit, on Tuesday afternoon, and soon after died.

☞ Wednesday was a tempestuous day. Snow fell at intervals. On Wednesday night the wind blew a perfect hurricane.

☞ The new Bridge at Fairmount was tested on Monday, and found capable of sustaining eighty tons.

☞ D. P. Brown, Esq., delivers an oration at the Philadelphia Museum on St. Patrick's day.

☞ The stores destroyed by fire on Lombard st. were included in the assetts of the U. S. Bank.

☞ Peter McCall, Esq., has been elected Solicitor for the Philadelphia Bank.

President's Levees.

The President has determined to abolish the evening soirees, held on Tuesday and Friday evenings. This is done in order to afford greater convenience and repose to the President's household.

As a substitute, however, regular levees will be held, and, we presume, the East Room thrown open, on every Tuesday evening fortnight, commencing last Tuesday. Strangers in the city, and others desirous to pay their respects, or to make friendly calls upon the President, or his family, will be received every day, (excepting the Sabbath,) between the hours of one and two o'clock, P. M.

Illegal Physicians.

Dr. Williams, the Oculist, was tried at the Kingston, U. C., Quarter Sessions, about two weeks ago, for practising surgery for hire and reward, without having a license to do so. The jury found him guilty, and he was fined by the Court £15, imprisonment being waived on account of his age. After sentence had been announced, Dr. Williams addressed the Court, requesting a day, and then a week to pay the fine in. The Court replied that the Sheriff must do that; so the Dr. walked out of Court, stepped into a sleigh and drove off to Cape Vincent, leaving the Sheriff to pay the fine and costs.

Six Persons Drowned.

A fishing boat, believed to belong to Georgetown, D. C., was lost during the heavy blow on Tuesday evening, about sixty miles below Washington, in the Potomac. The Advocate says:—"She was seen from the shore to contain a crew of six men, all of whom were drowned. The body of one of the men, (a black) who had clung to the boat until he perished, drifted on shore with the boat on the Virginia side of the river, in King George county. It is supposed to be a fishing boat belonging to Mr. Brown of this place, in charge of Mr. Robert Fagan, and manned by five free colored men."

Texas.

The editor of the Houston Telegraph, has been informed by Mr. R. M. Forbes, of Brazoria, that in the year 1840, he raised upon one acre of ground at Columbia Landing, sixty bushels of corn, fourteen hundred pumpkins, and thirty bushels of potatoes, reserving an area of fifteen feet square in the centre of the patch, which was devoted to gardening purposes. This was on soil which had received no improvement on its natural condition except the mere ploughing of it, and no extra care in tillage. A great country, that Texas.

Growth of Boston.

In one section of the city, real estate has already advanced one hundred per centum, and is rapidly rising; and a whole town has been erected in consequence of the influence of the Western Railroad on a section of land which, as late as the autumn, was considered valueless, but which would at this moment sell for many thousands the acre!

Specie.

The Pittsburg Chronicle states, that while some boys were playing on the bank of the Monongahela river, on Wednesday last, they came across a quantity of specie, which had been buried, but which the late freshet had disclosed to view. It was in silver, and amounted, it is said, to about $1,000.

J. G. Bennett Sentenced.

This individual, who was lately tried for a libel on the New York Court of Sessions, was sentenced on Monday to pay a fine of $250 on the first indictment, and $100 on the second. Judge Kent gave an opinion in favor of his imprisonment, but his associates differed from him.

The Slave Trade.

It is stated that the Slave Trade has increased to a frightful extent, on the shores of Northern Africa and in the Mediterranean. The Greek marine is engaged in this traffic, and the Tuscan flag is also made use of.

Greenough's Statue.

The statue of Washington has been removed thirty feet from the centre of the Rotunda of the Capitol. The figure faces East, and the position is said to have very much improved its appearance.

Death Warrant.

Governor Porter has signed the Death Warrant of Nicholas Reinhardt, convicted of murder at Reading. He is to be hung on the 25th of March next.

Case of Colt.

In this case the Court on Monday, granted counsel an extension of time until this day, to prepare a bill of exceptions.

The Jury System.

A measure for the introduction of this system into Hungary, has been rejected by the Hungarian Diet.

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance or six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9, 1842.

SENATE.—After the usual preliminary business, the Senate considered the resolution offered by Mr. King, to limit the Congressional term to a definite duration of time, and agreed to make the subject the order of the day for Monday next.

Mr. Clay's resolution proposing to amend the Constitution so as to limit the veto power, was then called up, when Mr. Archer, who was entitled to the floor, spoke at length in favor of the resolution.

When he had finished, Mr. Morehead rose and said he had something to say on the subject, which he would do on Monday next.

The Senate then adjourned. It may be well here to remark that Mr. Clay's resolution embraces three ramifications as follows:—

1st. To restrict the veto power. 2d. To take from the Executive the power to appoint the Secretary of the Treasury and the Treasurer, and vest it exclusively in the two Houses of Congress. 3d. To prevent the appointment of members of Congress to civil office, under the authority of the United States, from and during the time for which they are elected.

HOUSE.—Messrs. Gilmer, Hunter, Everett, Profit, Johnson were excused from further service on the Committee of Foreign Affairs.

The resolution reported from the Committee on Manufactures, asking power to send for persons to give evidence on the tariff question, was then taken up, and after a few remarks from Mr. Wood, was laid over till to-morrow.

The pension appropriation bill, and the bill for the protection of our seamen abroad, were read a third time and passed; after which the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb 10, 1842.

SENATE.—The session commenced this morning with the reception of Reports from the War and Navy Departments, in answer to Resolutions of the Senate.

Mr. Choate presented a memorial from Massachusetts, remonstrating against any interference with the Bankrupt Law.

Mr Wright, of New York, presented a memorial in relation to the Winnebago Indians.

Several reports were received from the Standing Committees, but all of a private nature.

A resolution was presented, asking for the expenses of the New York Custom House commission, and the reason why the Commissioners first appointed did not make a report.

The introduction of this last resolution occasioned some little discussion. Mr. Clay said if there was ever an office which required examination, it was the New York Custom House.

Mr. Pierce, of N. H. (the author of the resolution of inquiry) said that the Senator from Kentucky would not go farther than he would go in the work of retrenchment and reform.

Mr. Woodbury wished to extenuate himself from all blame for the increase of the expenses of the New York Custom House during the late Administration, and the one preceding it. The increase, he said, was occasioned by the increase of labor.

Mr. Clay said that for the present, as the resolutions called only for the expenses of the Commission, and as he presumed the Senator from New Hampshire did not suppress any information, he would move to lay the subject upon the table.

Mr. Pierce had no objection.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of bills in relation to the Land Claims of Missouri. They were called up on motion of Mr. Mouton, who gave notice of his intention to leave the city this evening for his home. The Senate, with great cheerfulness, adopted the wishes of the Senator, and then proceeded to consider a bill to conform the Land Claims to certain lands in Louisiana.

The bill was ordered to an engrossment, when the Senate proceeded to consider a bill to enable the States of Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana to institute suits to test the validity of certain Land Claims in these three States.

This bill was the one contested with much spirit one day during the past week.

Between three and four o'clock the bill was passed to an order for engrossment, by a vote of 24 to 11.

During the morning hour, the clerk of the House of Representatives appeared at the bar of the Senate with the Pension bill, and the bill making provisions for the relief of indigent American Seamen abroad.

The bills had their first and second readings, and were referred, on motion of the chairman of the committee on Finance, to that committee.

Mr. Evans gave notice that he should ask for action on the bills at some early day, as their passage was necessary at once. The Senate closed with an Executive session.

HOUSE.—When the Journal was read, it recorded the names of the following gentlemen in place of those who yesterday resigned their posts in the committee of Foreign Relations to wit: Messrs. M. A. Cooper, E. D. White, Chapman, Sheppard, and J. D. Holmes, of South Carolina.

Attempts were made on all sides to get in resolutions, and Mr. Fillmore, who always, in sailor phrase, "keeps an eye to windward" for his committee, moved that the House go into committee of the whole; but the unfinished business was loudly called for, and this was the motion of Mr. Williams to lay the resolution, offered by the committee of manufactures, on the table. A call of the House was ordered, and one hundred and sixty-three members answered to their names; the absentees were called, and one hundred and seventy-six answered. Excuses for absent members were tendered and received.

The yeas and nays were then taken upon the motion to lay on the table, and the vote stood ayes 108, noes 79; the motion was carried.

A resolution, heretofore offered by Mr. Stanley, that the committee on public expenditures be allowed to employ a clerk, was called up by this gentleman, and the yeas and nays demanded upon its passage.

On motion of Mr. Fillmore, the House went into Committee of the Whole upon the state of the Union. Mr. Briggs was called to the chair. The Civil and Diplomatic Bill was then taken up, and read by clauses.

The clause appropriating $12,380 for the pay of clerks of the House was objected to by Mr. Cushing, who moved to amend it by taking 15,000, instead of 12,380. Mr. C. said that two clerks were omitted in this report, and he knew no reason why they should be.

Mr. Fillmore said that there was no authority of law for their employment, and it was for this alone that the omission was made.

Mr. Gentry moved that the Committee of the Whole be discharged from the further consideration of the bill, and that it be recommitted to the Committee of Ways and Means with instructions to strike out every item of appropriation not authorized by existing laws.

After some conversation by Messrs. Everett, Fillmore, Gentry, and the Speaker, as to whether the motion was in order—The Speaker decided that, objection being made, it could not be received except by suspension of the rules.

Mr. Gentry moved a suspension of the rules to make this motion.

Pending which, the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11th, 1842.

SENATE.—The only important business transacted in the Senate was the rejection of the nomination of Jas. N. Barker as First Comptroller of the Treasury. This was done by a vote of $5 to 17. The Bill from the House making an appropriation for the protection of the American Seamen abroad, and the Pension Bill were both passed and were sent to the Executive for its approval. The Senate adjourned over to Monday.

HOUSE.—Mr. Fillmore from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a Bill making appropriations for the Indian Department for 1842, which was read twice and referred. Mr. Medill offered resolutions calling for information in relation to the Commissioners of Enquiry in relation to the public buildings at Washington, and also to the appointment of persons to examine into the state of the Land Offices with the rate of compensation allowed them, &c.

Mr. Stanly making objection to their reception, on the ground that he wished to offer an amendment making them more comprehensive, they were laid over until the next day.

A resolution offered, allowing the committee on Manufactures to employ a clerk, came up for consideration.

Mr. Tillinghast urged the allowance on the ground of its necessity from the mass of business before the Committee; they had some weeks since asked for power to send for persons and papers and examine witnesses, but uncertain as to the fate of the motion, they have in the mean time applied themselves to obtain all the information they could, both by oral testimony and correspondence. A large mass of important papers had accumulated on their hands, which must be carefully examined, and the employment of a competent clerk to arrange these would much facilitate their operations. Great and important interests had been committed to them and without investigation they could not properly discharge their duties.

Mr. Brown of Tenn. was in favor of allowing a clerk if any necessity existed; but under the refusal of the House to allow the Committee to send for persons and papers, he denied the existence of such necessity.

Mr. Randolph thought it singular the tariff subject could not be alluded to without producing opposition. The Committee had had that portion of the President's Message relating to discriminating duties submitted to them, and it was necessary to a proper discharge of them, that investigation should be made. Our tariff differed from Great Britain's—in that country nine tenths of the customs revenue were produced from ten articles; in this there were more than 2500 varieties of articles which the Committee were called upon to discriminate—this could not be done without practical information. The Committee were unlike the gentleman from Tennessee, (Mr. Brown) they needed light to guide their steps—the objection to the power was its expense—the expense of a few hundreds when not only millions, but the entire interests of the country were at stake.

A motion to lay the resolution on the table was lost by the casting vote of the Speaker.

The previous question was then moved and seconded, pending the putting of the question, however, a motion to lay the resolution on the table was put and carried.

The House then resolved itself into Committee of the Whole on private claims, and after some time spent in it, it was discovered no quorum was present, when the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12th, 1842.

There has been but little interest in the Capitol to-day. The Senate has not been in session, and the time of the House has been taken up mostly in a discussion about the expediency of allowing the Committee on Private Land Claims, to employ a clerk. The money spent in the debate would probably have paid the clerk, and no clerk was provided after all.

A report was received from the President of the United States in answer to a resolution of the House, requesting information as to the authority by which the Commissioners were appointed to investigate the affairs of the New York Custom House. The report was referred and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Merriwether, of Georgia, asked leave to bring in a bill for the reduction of the army of the United States, objections being made, it was deferred. Several private Bills were then taken up in Committee of the whole and reported to the House. At half past two o'clock, no quorum being present, the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14th, 1842.

SENATE.—The morning business commenced with the reception of a message from the President of the United States in relation to the Territory of Iowa, being the same as presented upon a former day.

Mr. Sturgeon presented a memorial from citizens of Pennsylvania, engaged in the manufacture of iron, asking for an increased duty on Iron.

Two memorials of a like character were also presented from Pittsburg and Huntingdon county in relation to the increase of the duty on Iron and the Tariff generally.

Mr. Wright presented a report from the Committee of Commerce, in relation to the New York Pilot Law. The report recommends the repeal of the law of 1837, which affects the interests of citizens of New York. The report is concurred in by a large majority of the Committee. When the Senate is called to act upon the subject, it will meet with opposition. Mr. Wright briefly explained the views of the Committee in regard to this question and their reasons for making the report.

The resolution offered some days since in relation to the New York Custom House, by Mr. Pierce, its author, was again called up. A debate sprung up, which was continued at some length. The contest in the discussion was in part between Mr. Clay and Mr. Buchanan upon the merits of the two administrations in the work of reform and its consistency of action.

Mr. Clay and Mr. Woodbury had a little sparring also, upon the opposition of the foes of the Administration to all the great measures of the Government necessary to sustain the Government.

Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Calhoun also had some words—the former Senator being called to account by the latter for some remarks he had made upon the merits of a former question when the Senator from South Carolina had made a speech upon the subject of economy.

After a few words further, in explanation and reply, from Mr. Linn, Mr. Pierce, and Mr. Mangum, the debate closed, and the resolution was laid upon the table.

HOUSE.—When the Journal was concluded, communications were received from Messrs. M. A. Cooper, Chapman and Holmes, asking to be excused from serving on the Committee of Foreign Affairs for the same reasons that were assigned by those whose places they took. The House excused them, almost nem. con.

Mr. Everett then moved a suspension of the rules in order to take up his resolution, which assigns to-morrow, for taking up the Apportionment Bill, and each successive day till finished, until the 22d inst., when all debate is to cease, and amendments to be voted upon.

Mr. E. demanded the yeas and nays on his motion which were ordered, and were ayes 58, noes 124.

The rest of the sitting was consumed in the presentation of petitions. There was nothing remarkable in any of them, but it was remarkable that the day was spent quietly, and that no combustible matter was introduced.

Mr. Adams presented one petition which prayed the House to abandon the consideration of Mr. Marshall's resolution of censure, and confine themselves to their legitimate sphere of their duties; but the House declined receiving this rebuke.

The reception of petitions was gone through with from Maine to Louisiana, before the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15th 1842.

SENATE.—The Senate were in session to a late hour last evening on the resolution of Mr. Pierce, in relation to the New York Custom House, and disposed of the subject by a motion to lay upon the table, which prevailed by a vote of 20 to 17.

The President of the Senate laid before the Senate a resolution from the War Department in relation to the Topographical Department.

Mr. Tallmadge presented a memorial from citizens of Troy, New York, asking that the pay of members of Congress be reduced to five dollars per diem, and asking also that the mileage be reduced to $10 for every one hundred miles. The memorial was referred to the Committee on Finance.

Among the resolutions offered were some of great importance in reference to public questions, by Mr. Clay of Kentucky. The resolutions relate to almost all of the great questions now in the course of agitation in the country. They declare that the revenues of the year should be equal to the expenditures of the year, and they declare also that there should be a revenue greater than 20 per cent. and yet that there would be no violation of the compromise act in its important general provisions.

Mr. Clay said he had no wish to act upon the subject at this time, and he introduced the resolutions now only for the purpose of bringing the subject to the attention of the Senate, and fixing upon a day for their consideration. The resolutions being read, Mr. Clay moved Thursday week for their consideration.

Mr. Calhoun said that the resolutions were all of great importance. They made war upon the Compromise Bill and interfered with great and established questions. He hoped, therefore, that when the resolutions were taken up, they would be considered as in Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Clay was not disposed to enter upon the consideration of the resolutions at this time. When the subject came up he would endeavor to show that the resolutions, if carried out, did not violate the spirit of the Compromise Act.

The day of consideration was then agreed upon without opposition, and the Resolutions were ordered to be printed.

A new subject now came before the Senate in the form of the Resolution fixing the last day of May for the adjournment of the two Houses of Congress.

The resolution was then debated very briefly, advocated by Mr. King, Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Henderson, and opposed by Mr. Clay as improper at this time and in the present state of public business. The Resolution was then laid on the table by a vote of 19 to 17.

After some other unimportant public business, the Senator from Missouri asked for the action of the Senate upon the Bill introduced by him to postpone the operation of the Bankrupt Law until the first of July.

Mr. Benton said that he only wished for a test vote upon the subject, and did not contemplate any thing further.

The Bill was then considered in the Senate as in Committee of the Whole. Without debate it was reported to the Senate, and the question coming up on the engrossment of the Bill,

Mr. Rives very briefly stated his reasons for opposing the Bill. These reasons were that the action of the Senate had been given and was known upon this subject. He had voted against the Bill originally, and voted for the repeal of the Bill at this session. He now held himself ready to vote for any amendments which might be introduced, or for a repeal of the Bill.

Mr. B. said he had not been convinced of the propriety of the Law by any thing he had heard in its favor, but it was time the public mind was quieted in regard to this question; and that it might be so, he should vote against postponement. The yeas and nays were then ordered upon the engrossment, and were as follows:—

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Benton, Buchanan, Calhoun, Fulton, Graham, King, Linn, McRoberts, Pierce, Sevier, Smith, of Connecticut, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Woodbury, Wright, Young—18.

Nays—Messrs. Barrow, Bates, Berrien, Choate, Clay, Clayton, Evans, Henderson, Huntington, Kerr, Mangum, Merrick, Miller, Morehead, Phelps, Porter, Preston, Rives, Smith, of Indiana, Southard, Talmadge, White, Woodbridge—23.

And so the Bill was lost.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the orders of the day, being the resolutions of Mr. Clay proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, with a view mainly to the restriction of the Veto power.

Mr. Morehead, of Ky. was entitled to the floor and addressed the Senate in reply to the arguments of Mr. Preston and Mr. Buchanan, both of whom advocated the existence of the power, and opposed the proposed amendments of the Committee.

The Senator from Kentucky discussed the whole question in general and in detail, and took up the arguments of the two Senators opposing the bill, one by one.

Mr. Morehead addressed the Senate until a quarter to four, and then closed.

Mr. Berrien has just moved an Executive session.

HOUSE.—A motion was made to print 5000 extra copies of the Report of the Commissioner of Patents.

Mr. Thompson moved an amendment, making the number 10,000, and the House agreed thereto.

Mr. Underwood tried, in vain, to get up his modification of the Charter of the Bank of the Metropolis, but the ultras were not accommodating.

Mr. Summers then called for the business of the morning hour, which was the consideration of his Report upon the organization of the officers of the House, and all the expenditures connected with the police and other regulations of the House. The only material alteration which the report proposes in the present arrangement is to strike off two clerks, who each have $1500 per annum.

Mr. Summers very succinctly stated the grounds upon which this and other changes were made, and was succeeded by

Mr. Gordon, who moved an amendment to the report, placing back the "two clerks," in which he was supported by

Mr. W. C. Johnson, who declared, of his own knowledge, that the duties of the clerks of this House were more onerous than those of any persons employed by this Government.

The debate was continued, until the expiration of the morning hour, by Messrs. Wise, Briggs, Cushman, and Fillmore.

Mr. Everett submitted a resolution with regard to considering the Apportionment Bill, which was read for information only.

Several communications were read from the President and Secretaries, in answer to certain resolutions of the House.

One from the President was in answer to the call for correspondence between the Minister to England (Mr. Stevenson,) and Com. Hull.

Mr. Adams moved that this be printed.

Another from the Secretary of War respecting the cost &c. of the Military Road in the State of Maine.

Mr. Fessenden moved that this be printed, and referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. The bill to establish a new land district in the State of Alabama was taken up, and the amendment of the Senate to the same agreed to.

A Bill to allow the Banks of this District another year of suspension was taken up, and a motion made to lay it on the table. The yeas and nays were called, and were ayes 79, nays 107.

The previous question, which had been moved, was sustained without division, and the main question ordered in like manner; upon the passage of the Bill the yeas and nays were called, and stood thus:—ayes 97, nays 73. So the Banks will deal, (so far as this House can grant the privilege) in depreciated paper for another year.

Mr. Gentry moved, when the Appropriation Bill came up, that it be recommitted with instructions to report it again, omitting every item of appropriation not authorized by law.

Mr. Wise made a few remarks, contending that the resolutions of the House, in matters connected with its own officers were, in fact, law—recognised as such by the Constitution. The previous question was then moved, the main question ordered, and upon the motion itself the yeas and nays were taken, and resulted in ayes, 144, nays 22.

The House then adjourned at 3 o'clock.

Legislative News.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 9, 1842.

SENATE.—In the Senate this morning, the Resumption Bill from the House was taken up and passed through Committee of the Whole without any opposition.

The Secretary of the Commonwealth presented the sixth annual report of the State Geologist, which was referred to the Committee on Education.

Two messages were received from the Governor, informing the Senate that he has signed the bill relative to the Chester, Dauphin and Philadelphia Prisons, and the bill to divide the District of Germantown.

The Auditor General transmitted to the Senate a tabular statement of the affairs of the Banks of this State.

Mr. McCully presented a number of petitions in favor of reinstating the salary of the Recorder of Philadelphia.

HOUSE.—Mr. Crabb introduced a bill providing for the appointment of a Corder of Wood in Philadelphia.

Mr. McCahen introduced a bill to incorporate the Kensington Gas Company.

Mr. McCahen introduced a bill to incorporate the American Insurance Company of North America.

Mr. Sharswood offered the following:

Whereas, it is alleged, that the Legislature of this Commonwealth, in regard to the Banks, has been influenced by bribery and corruption, and it is important to the character of the State that so serious a charge should be fully investigated, in order that if found to be untrue, the public men may be vindicated from the unjust charge that lies upon them; or if true, that the innocent may be distinguished from the guilty—Therefore,

Resolved, &c., That a joint committee consisting of two Senators and three Representatives, be appointed, whose duty it shall be to investigate and report whether any corrupt means have been, at any time employed by the banks, or their agents, or any of them, directly or indirectly, for the purpose of influencing the action of the Legislature, or any other department of the Government of the Commonwealth, in regard to any legislation for their benefit, and that said committee have power to send for persons and papers.

On this Resolution a debate of several hours arose, and, after being so amended as to restrict the committee from going back farther than the Session of 1835-6, it passed, and Messrs. Sharswood, Lowry, and Beford, were appointed on the part of the House.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 10, 1842.

SENATE.—After petitions had been presented, a number of unimportant bills were reported.

Mr. Gibbons then moved to refer the Resumption Bill to a Select Committee.

The motion gave rise to some debate, when Mr. Ewing moved to amend the motion, and that the Senate take up the bill on second reading immediately. Several other amendments were offered and lost, and the motions discussed at great length, when Mr. Gibbons' motion prevailed by a vote of 15 to 14, and Messrs. Gibbons, Sullivan and Plumer, appointed the committee.

The Senate then took up and passed without debate, the resolution from the House authorizing the appointment of a committee to investigate the alledged charges of corrupt means being used to influence the action of the legislature, in reference to the Banks.

The supplement to the act relative to the District Court of Philadelphia, passed Committee of the Whole.

The report of the Committee on Claims pending yesterday, came up in order, and was so amended as to instruct the Committee on Finance to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill for the settlement of the accounts of our Domestic creditors, and agreed to.

The bill incorporating the York and Cumberland Rail road coming up, was postponed till to-morrow.

HOUSE.—Mr. Felton reported a bill to incorporate the Kensington and Oxford Turnpike Road Company.

On motion of Mr. Wright, the Judiciary Committee were discharged from the further consideration of the situation of the Girard Fund, and the subject referred to a Select Committee, with power to visit Philadelphia and send for persons and papers.

Mr. Hancock gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to repeal the law establishing the Court of General Sessions.

The bill relating to election districts repealing the act prohibiting the collection of taxes by assessors, except so far as relates to the county of Philadelphia, passed final reading.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 11, 1842.

SENATE.—Mr. Stewart, from the committee to whom had been referred the petitions for repeal of the law authorizing imprisonment for debt, made report adverse to any alteration in said laws.

The bill authorising the Auditor General to settle the accounts of the engineers on the unfinished lines of canal, passed committee of the whole.

The bill to incorporate the York and Cumberland Railroad company, was then taken up and the first section having been read,

Mr. Spackman took the floor and addressed the Senate in opposition to the bill, and was followed by Messrs. Cochran, Ewing and Fleming in its favor, when the vote on the last section being taken resulted as follows—yeas, 13, nays 14.

The Secretary of the Commonwealth being introduced, presented a message from the Governor, accompanied by a statement from the Directors of the Bank of Pennsylvania, setting forth the reasons why they were unable to pay the interest on the first inst.

The bill supplementary to the act incorporating the Hamburg, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Easton Railroad company, was finally passed.

HOUSE.—Mr. Karns of Allegheny, offered the following:

Whereas, the recent conduct of the members of Congress, has been such as to disgrace this nation. Therefore,

Resolved, &c. That a committee of safety of three members of each branch of the Legislature be appointed, whose duty it shall be to repair to the city of Washington, and remain during the session, and use their influence to prevent disorder. Laid on the table.

On motion of Mr. Heckman, the Canal Commissioners and the Auditor General, were required to furnish to the House a statement of the original cost of the several lines of canal, and their cost to the State since that time, together with the amount of tolls received upon them; also the amount now due on the Erie Extension and North Branch canal.

The resolution asking of Congress an appropriation, to improve the mouth of the Susquehanna, passed finally.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 12, 1842.

SENATE.—Mr. Gibbons from the Select Committee, to whom the Resumption Bill from the House was referred, reported a Bill providing for an immediate resumption of specie payments.

The motion to print 100 additional copies of this bill, which finally prevailed, gave rise to much debate, which gave evidence that the bill will meet with much opposition in the Senate. Mr. Ewing said much as he was opposed to the other bill, he looked upon this as one still worse in its character.

The bill was made the order of the day for Tuesday next.

One thousand copies of the Geological report were ordered to be printed.

The Secretary of the Commonwealth presented a Message from the Governor, transmitting copies of correspondence with several Banks of the Commonwealth, and stating that the Bank of Chambersburg had refused to comply with the requisitions of the Governor, and recommending that the charter of the Bank be declared forfeited.

HOUSE.—2500 copies in English and 1200 in German, of the report of the State Geologist, were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Bonsall reported a bill for the improvement of the West Branch of the Susquehanna.

Mr. Hancock offered a resolution suspending the work on the Insane Asylum, until further legislative action, which was adopted.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 14, 1842.

SENATE.—Almost nothing worth recording to-day. To-morrow I apprehend the case will be different, as the Bank Bill will be in order. Hitherto the bill seems to meet with favor, in and out of the House.

The Speaker laid before the Senate a circular signed by citizens of the State of Illinois, requesting the Legislature of Pennsylvania to co-operate with them in reducing to use the grand "*Fire Ship*" invented by a citizen of that Commonwealth which it represented as a thing of death and destruction, hitherto never dreamed of.

Mr. Spackman introduced a bill to incorporate the Howelton Coal Company.

Mr. Hiester, from the Committee on Manufactures, reported with one amendment, the bill from the House, relating to the manufacture of malleable iron.

HOUSE.—The morning was devoted to the presentation of petitions.

Another idea has struck John Smith, of the city of Philadelphia, and accordingly he sends a petition to the Legislature, which was presented by the Speaker this morning, recommending that in view of our heavy State debt, the Governor be authorized to take the benefit of the General Bankrupt Law, on behalf of the Commonwealth. A curious fellow, that John.

Mr. McCahen introduced a joint resolution, instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for abolishing the Association of Stock Brokers in the City of Philadelphia, or of requiring all sales of the said Board, hereafter, to be made in public, which was adopted. A preamble also accompanied the resolution, not very flattering to the character of this numerous class of gentlemen, upon the adoption of which a protracted discussion took place, being participated in by Messrs. Stevens, Crabb, Bonsall, and others, on the one side, and by Messrs. McCahen, Wright and Beford on the other. At length the preamble was adopted, yeas 51, nays 32.

Mr. Beford introduced a joint resolution on the subject of a protective tariff of duties, which was laid on the table.

The Judiciary Committee, on motion of Mr. McCahen, was instructed to inquire into the expediency of authorising the Inspectors of the Eastern Penitentiary and the County Prison to make settlements with persons indebted to the said institutions, upon such terms as they may deem advantageous to the said institutions, when such individuals have failed or made assignments.

Mr. Crabb gave notice of his intention on to-morrow, to ask leave to introduce a bill to provide for a resumption of specie payments by the banks, and for other purposes.

Mr. Roumfort, from a select Committee, reported a bill to confer upon the Recorder of the City of Philadelphia, concurrent jurisdiction with Justices of the Peace, in all criminal cases.

A bill to legalize certain proceedings in the Courts of Adams county, passed final reading. Some other private matters were acted on, but nothing of importance was done.

General News.

FIGHTING IN VENEZUELA—FURTHER PARTICULARS.—The New Orleans Bulletin of the 4th says:—"Capt. Attwood, of the British brigantine Breeze, from Kingston, Jamaica, whence she sailed on the 24th ult., states that two days previous to his departure, news was received from Carthagena. In consequence of some outrages upon British subjects and their property by Carmona, the leader of the revolters, under pretence of enforcing his blockade, several persons were flogged and taken out to be shot, and several vessels plundered. The Charybdis brig of war was ordered to sail from Jamaica to examine into the matter. The news is, that on her arrival at Carthagena she was fired upon from two Carthagenian brigs of war, and several gun-boats, &c. The Charybdis thereupon cast anchor and commenced her defence; and the result of the action was, that the two Venezuelian ships were sunk, and the Admiral, with a large number of men, killed. The Charybdis lost four men killed in the engagement, and was considerably injured in her upper works.

A TEXAN SEIZURE ON BOARD AN AMERICAN VESSEL.—A letter received at New York, under date of Campeachy, January 27th, states that on the 12th ult. the Texan ship Austin sent thirty armed men on board the American barque Louisa, Baker, lying at Sisal, on the point of sailing for Vera Cruz with the representatives of Yucatan to Mexico, the Mexican commissioners, and other passengers, the whole of whom were taken by force and carried on board the Austin as prisoners, notwithstanding the protest of Captain Baker. They were kept on board the Austin two days, and then liberated by order of Commodore Moore; after which they sailed in the Louisa for Vera Cruz.

FEMALES IN COAL MINES.—An English paper states that an effort is being made to "put an end to the practice of employing females in the disgusting and laborious drudgery of working in the collieries; the system is so fraught with crime and misery, that every well wisher to his fellow man, on becoming acquainted with the enormity of the evils attending the custom, must feel interested in its abolishment, as it tends not only to demoralize the unfortunate beings, whose degraded position subjects them to every possible degree of insult and injury, but, by removing woman from her proper element, deprives man of that enjoyment they are alone capable of adding to domestic arrangements."

A FORGERY.—The New York Express says that a "few days since, a gentleman, who was a silent partner of a firm, purchased a note purporting to be of his house, for twenty-five hundred dollars, having about four months to run, not doubting its being genuine. He kept it in his possession some weeks, when, on mentioning the circumstance to his partners, he was told they had no note for that amount out, and on further investigation, the note was found to be a forgery. No trace of the adroit rogue who put the note off to a broker, and who received the proceeds, has yet been discovered. The gentleman, however, got a good shave by the transaction."

COTTON IN INDIA.—At the "Home League" in New York a few days since, a statement was read by Dr. Fisher, in reference to the culture of cotton in India. He said that the "importation of cotton from India to England had increased from 75,627 bales in 1831, to 450,000 in 1841: with the prospect of an importation in 1842 of 600,000 bales. That the experiment of cultivating cotton to supply the British market by American skill and cultivation imported into India, and American seed for improved staple, had fully succeeded, and that they were now extending their views to the cultivation of tobacco, rice and sugar, with every prospect of success."

NO STAY LAW IN VIRGINIA.—The Virginia House of Delegates a short time since, instructed one of its committees to report a bill for staying executions, &c. On Thursday the question came up before the House, on a motion for reconsideration, which, being carried, the House then discharged the committee from the consideration of the subject by a vote of 79 to 44—thus deciding very properly against any stay law, which is another name for repudiation."

EAST INDIA SQUADRON.—On the 29th of September the ship Bornee, arrived at Holmes's Hole, spoke U. S. frigate Constellation, Commodore Kearney, and U. S. sloop-of-war Boston, Capt. Long, 23 days from Jonne (one of the Comoro Islands, on the coast of Africa) bound to China, via Sumatra and Singapore. Officers and crew all well—one man had died on board the Boston, being the only death since leaving the United States.

A NOBLE PAIR.—The largest and handsomest yoke of oxen that we ever saw, says the New York Journal of Commerce, are now at the Tattersalls, on Broadway. They were raised by William Townsend, Esq., of East Haven, Connecticut, and are six years old. One of them weighs 2815 pounds; the other weighs 2667 pounds; and their joint weight is 5482 pounds. This is 18 pounds less than two and three-fourths tons.

THE TEXIAN PRISONERS.—The New Orleans Courier has received the Vera Cruz Censor, of the 18th ult. On the 10th, the Texian prisoners were ordered to leave their prison, to aid in the public works. A physician was present, and examined them. At his suggestion, four were remanded back to prison, and two were sent to the hospital—two were permitted to work unfettered—all the rest were chained.

HOMICIDE.—A man named Vinega was shot at New Orleans on the 2d inst., by Bartholomew Commessa, a jeweller. The door of the latter was forced open twice during the night by two persons, and believing that an attempt was making to rob him, he fired when they came the second time, and killed one. On the other hand, it is said that the man was intoxicated, and only staggered against the door.

GREAT DIVING IN WELLS POND.—Mr. Truman Kilburn, of Middletown, says the Rutland (Vt.) Herald, while cutting a hole in the ice on Wells Pond, dropped his axe through the hole where the water was 16½ deep. He threw off his clothes, dove through the hole where he lost his axe, went to the bottom, got his axe and threw it upon the ice. This was done last week.

CRIME IN PRUSSIA.—During twenty-three years, the capital convictions in Prussia, the Rhine Provinces excepted, amounted to 234 males, and 78 females, making a total of 312, or 13 per annum. The number of inhabitants is estimated at 10,000,000. 99 males were pardoned, and 63 females; thus there were only four executions to every three millions of souls.

BURGLARY IN MONTREAL.—On Friday night, the 4th inst., the jewellery store of Mr. Savage, in Montreal, Ca., was entered by means of false keys, and a great quantity of valuable property abstracted. There were twenty-four gold and forty-nine silver watches among the property stolen. The whole loss is estimated at about eight thousand one hundred dollars.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.—The New Orleans Bulletin says—"We learn that the ship Henry, at this port from Vera Cruz, was visited by an officer from an English vessel of war, who claimed several of the crew of the Henry as being British sailors. We further learn that the said searching officer was lowered against his will into the boat and suffered to depart."

THE PRIESTS OF SPAIN.—It having been reported in Mexico that many of the priests of Spain were making arrangements to come to Mexico, where an asylum had been offered to them by the Mexican clergy, the minister of justice issued a decree forbidding their being considered as belonging to the regular clergy of Mexico.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.—A letter from Paris to the New York Courier, says: "I have no means to communicate, but shortly will have as it is almost certain that the Guizot will be driven from office, and that Thiers and Mole will succeed him. The steamer of February or March will verify this prediction.

TEN THOUSAND PLEDGES.—The Cincinnati Chronicle says, that Mr. Porter has returned to that city from a tour through Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana; during which he has obtained about ten thousand signatures to the Washington pledge.

THE SMALL SCHOONER ARIEL, which was built last summer at Charlestown, Mass., for the China trade, arrived off Java Head in 88 days from Boston—her smallest day's work being 60 miles and her best 254 miles.

ONE OF THE MEXICAN SCHOONERS LOST.—An arrival at New Orleans, on the 3d, confirms the account of the loss of the Mexican schooner Liberty, Captain Howard, built at New York, for the Mexican Government.

MILD WEATHER AT THE WEST.—The Columbus (Ohio) Journal speaks of the continued mild weather in that region. In the preceding week three barns were burnt by lightning in various parts of the State.

A WIFE AND MONEY RECOVERED.—A wife who recently ran away with her paramour from Richmond, was arrested at Petersburg a day or two ago, and $700 found upon the person of her seducer.

A MILL DESTROYED.—A planing and saw mill owned by Messrs. Rich & Hotchkiss, at New Haven, was burned on the 14th. Loss between four and five thousand dollars.

THE ELOPEMENT.—The friends of Miss Croghan have been invited by the ladies conducting the Seminary from which she ran away, to institute an investigation into the affair.

THE DEATH OF GROGAN.—Grogan, the patriot, whose seizure in Vermont, and imprisonment in Montreal, last fall, caused so much noise, died at Champlain on the 7th of Jan.

METEOR.—We learn from the Hartford, Conn., Courant, that a very splendid meteor passed over that city on Saturday evening, apparently as large as a full moon.

THE HON. MARTIN VAN BUREN, Ex-President of the United States, it is intimated, intends shortly to pay a visit to General Jackson, in Tennessee.

THE WHALE FISHERY.—A company is about to be formed at Halifax, for the prosecution of the Whale Fishery.

THE RECEIPTS of the American Board of Missions, during the month of January, were over forty thousand dollars.

TEMPERANCE.—The Catholic Temperance Association of Albany, numbers upwards of 3500 members.

HEAVY AND EXEMPLARY DAMAGES AGAINST A RAILROAD COMPANY.—A person named Signor Ostinelli, brought a suit last week in the Supreme Judicial Court at Boston, against the Worcester Railroad Company. First, Signor Ostinelli sued for $10,000 for the loss of the services of his son, who has been rendered infirm and imbecile by the injury he received from the collision of the cars at Westborough; and secondly, Signor Ostinelli sued for 13,000 addition, in behalf of his son, on the ground that he has, in all probability, been rendered incapable of supporting himself during his life. Of the $13,000, the jury gave $12,000 to the son, and $1,000 to the father.

VEGETABLE IVORY.—Our readers have probably seen some notice of this interesting novelty from the South Seas, with which the French Discovery ships have made us acquainted. It is a species of nut strongly resembling the cocoa nut, but much smaller. Upon the removal of the bark it is a ball of ivory, of equal hardness and applicable to many of the various uses in the arts of the animal production, and in short, a perfect fac simile when polished. From its shape, it will not answer for purposes requiring much length.

IRON IN THE WEST.—A convention of those interested in the manufacture of iron, in the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana, will be held in the city of Louisville, on Monday, the 7th day of March, 1842.

A SPECK OF WAR.—War resolutions against Mexico, have been introduced into the Legislature of Louisiana.

SLEIGHING.—There was tolerable sleighing at Bangor, Me., on Wednesday week.

Army & Navy.

☞ The Navy Register, which has just appeared, (Feb. 5, 1842,) shows the *personnel* of the Navy to be as follows:

68 Captains, of which number 34 are employed.

96 Commodores, of which number 43 are employed.

328 Lieutenants, of which number 265 are employed, 53 are waiting orders, or on leave of absence, 9 are sick, and one under arrest.

169 Surgeons, of which number 51 are employed, 12 are waiting orders, 5 are on leave, and 1 sick. (There has been one death since the Register was put to press.)

11 Passed Assistant Surgeons, of which 10 are employed, and 1 sick.

55 Assistant Surgeons, of which number 50 are employed, 2 are sick, 2 on leave of absence, and 1 waiting orders.

64 Pursers, of which number 46 are employed.

24 Chaplains, of which number 17 are employed, but only 7 in sea going ships.

103 Passed Midshipmen, of which number 90 are employed.

459 Midshipmen, of which number 412 are employed.

30 Sailing Masters, of which number 19 are employed.

4 Master's Mates, of which number 4 are employed.

22 Professors of Mathematics, of which number 18 are employed.

3 Teachers of Languages, of which number 3 are employed.

41 Gunners, of which number 36 are employed.

33 Sailmakers, of which number 30 are employed.

Marine Corps.—1 Colonel, 1 Lieut. Colonel, 4 Majors, 13 Captains, 20 First Lieutenants, 19 Second Lieutenants.

Civil List connected with Navy.—14 Navy Agents, 9 Naval Storekeepers, 7 Naval Constructors, 3 Engineers.

Vessels of the Navy.—11 Ships of the line, 1 Razee, 14 Frigates of the first class, 2 Frigates of the second class, 21 Sloops of war, 4 Brigs, 9 Schooners, 4 Steamers, 3 Store ships. Total number of vessels, 69, of which 52 are in service.

☞ It is stated in the Army and Navy Chronicle of the 6th inst. that the Death of Col. Cummings, of the 7th infantry, will give promotion to the following named officers, presuming as a matter of course that it will go by seniority.

Lt. Col. J. H. Vose, of the 3d to be Col of the 4th.

Major E. A. Hitcock, of the 8th, to be Lt. Col. of the 3d.

Capt. and Bvt. Maj. W. C. Belknap, of the 3d, to be Major of the 8th.

First Lieut. H. Swartwont, of the 3d, to be Captain.

Second Lieut. S. D. Dobbins, of the 3d, to be First Lieutenant.

☞ The following shows the number of Midshipmen that were appointed in 1841, for each State:—

Maine 8, New Hampshire 4, Massachusetts 8, Rhode Island 0, Connecticut 4, Vermont 2, New York 25, New Jersey 3, Pennsylvania 18, Delaware 3, Maryland 13, Virginia 15, North Carolina 9, South Carolina 6, Georgia 8, Alabama 8, Louisiana 2, Mississippi 4, Tennessee 4, Kentucky 11, Ohio 6, Indiana 2, Illinois 6, Michigan 1, Missouri 2, Arkansas 1, District of Columbia 9, Florida 0, Wisconsin 0, Iowa 0, at large 41.

Financial Record.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
211 shares Reading R R	10a18¼
200 do. Grand Gulf Bank	5
173 do. Mechanics Bank	12a12¾
170 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	14½a15½
64 do. Far. & Mechanics Bank	17¾a21¼
60 do. Girard Bank	4
50 do. Western Bank	30¼
46 do. Louisville Bank	60
45 do. United States Bank	3½
35 do. Pittsburg Bank	40
30 do. Union Bank, Tenn.	30
18 do. North America Insurance Co.	5¼
16 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.	42½a43¾
15 do. Planters Bank, Tenn.	60
11 do. Pennsylvania Bank	40
7 do. Commercial Bank	75
6 do. Northern Bank, Ky.	60
5 do. Man. and Mechanics Bank	10
5 do. Camden & Amboy R. R.	71
3 do. Mer. & Man. Bank, Pitts.	32
2 do. Philadelphia Bank	38
1 do. Penna. Insurance Co.	170
$3640 United States Bank Notes	30
$1450 Girard Bank Notes	65a69

MORE BANK FRAUD INDICTMENTS.—We learn that George Ordine, Jr. (brother to the Teller of the Eagle Bank,) and Langdon Coffin, both of the firm of Odiorne & Co., Commission Leather Dealers, were on Wednesday indicted by the Grand Jury of Boston, upon matters growing out of the late defalcations of the Eagle Bank Teller.

RESUMPTION IN OHIO.—The bill requiring the banks of Ohio to resume on the coming 4th of March, has passed the lower House of the State Legislature with some amendments, which will require the confirmatory action of the Senate. The belief in Cincinnati is that it will become a law.

SPECIE IN BOSTON.—The specie imported in Boston, during 1841, was—gold $122,764, silver $249,384—$372,148.

Specie exported during the year 1841—gold $395,812, silver $1,065,440—$1,461,252.

TENNESSEE.—The Senate have adopted resolutions requiring the Banks to resume specie payments by the 1st of January, 1843, after rejecting the House resolutions on the same subject.

A BANK FAILURE.—The bank of Hamilton, Ohio' has made an assignment.

Political Intelligence.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT—*By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.*—Washington Irving, of New York, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain.

Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico.

Wm. Blackford, of Virginia, to be Charge d' Affaires to New Grenada.

William H. Freeman, of Philadelphia, to be Consul of the United States for the port of Neuvitas, in the Island of Cuba, in the place of John M. Baker, deceased.

SPECIAL ELECTION.—An election will be held on the 1st of March, for the choice of a member to represent the Bradford and Susquehanna Congressional district of this state, in the room of the Hon. Davis Dimock, deceased. Almon H. Read, Esq., is spoken of as the Democratic candidate.

Destructive Tornado in Ohio.

We learn from the Cleveland Herald that on the 4th inst. a dreadful tornado passed over Mayfield, Newton, and other places, doing immense damage. At Newton fifteen houses were blown down. Its effects at Mayfield were terrific; and, as the phenomenon is one which is engaging the attention of scientific men, we copy the account:—

"The sweep of the tornado in Mayfield is described by an eye witness as frightfully terrific. Swift destruction marked its path; it moved forward like a black pitchy cloud, hugging the earth, and whirling high in air every substance drawn within its vortex. The largest forest trees were upturned or twisted off like fragile shoots, and in some places even stumps were torn from the earth; half imbedded stones were lifted out, and large logs were moved off by wind power that would have required strong ox power to have started. Log buildings were torn up and whirled away to the very foundation-logs; and our informant mentioned an instance in which two men rushed from a barn and fell flat before the blast, and were literally tumbled end over end some distance by its fury. As the tornado crossed Chagrin river, the water was drawn from its bed and dashed upon the frame dwelling of Mr. Dean, located on the bank, with such resistless might as to sweep the house against a tree at some little distance, when it broke into fragments—many of which were borne away for miles. The bedding and many light articles in the house cannot be found at all, and the escape of Mrs. D. and her children from instant death is a marvel of marvels. The church in Kirtland was moved round from its foundation some forty feet.

The tornado varied in width from fifty to one hundred rods, and lasted but a moment or two. The vivid recollection of its wrath will long remain with those who felt or witnessed it.

The occurrence of such a tornado, accompanied with thunder and lightning in this climate, in mid-winter, is a singularity worthy the attention and examination of the curious observers of atmospheric phenomena. What says the Storm King, Espy?"

A later number of the Herald, gives no less than thirty houses, barns and buildings, which have either been entirely demolished or very much shattered. Fortunately very little personal injury was received or lives lost. Reports from Kirtland say that one man and one child are dead.

From St. Augustine.

The steamer Gen. Clinch, Captain Brooks, has arrived from St. Johns, E. F. We are, says the Savannah Georgian, Feb. 9, indebted to the editor of the St. Augustine News for an extra, forwarded via Picolata, from that office, in advance of the publication of that paper.

Important from Tampa Bay.—We learn from a correct source, that Col. Worth, immediately after the escape of Tiger-Tail, despatched a command of dragoons to the Withlacooche—where the Tallahassees under Nea-Thlucko-E-Mathla, had been previously sent in pursuit of some straggling Creek and other Indians, for the purpose of counteracting any defection in that band which the escape of Tiger-Tail might possibly induce, with orders to seize, if necessary, and bring the whole into Tampa, which order was promptly and successfully executed; and the twenty-seven warriors composing the band, arrived at Tampa on the 27th ult., and were immediately put on ship board for their voyage to the far West. The chief Nea-Thlucko-E Mathla, we are informed, has acted in perfect good faith—though some of his subordinates have manifested a disposition to play false.

Skirmish.—On the 28th ult., near the Haw Creeks, Major Plympton came upon a party of Indians. The Indians had the first fire, and one man was killed and two wounded. The fire was returned by the whites, and they succeeded in capturing two Indians, one of whom being badly wounded, has since died. Major P. and command being out of provisions, as they had been out some days scouting, returned to Pilatka—when Lieut. Wessels, in command of Company H, 2d Infantry, immediately went in pursuit of the Indians.

Villainous.

Some scoundrel placed a keg of nails on the track of the Portland and Saco Railroad, a few days since; but it was fortunately discovered in season to prevent any damage.

Banished.

Almonte, formerly Secretary of State for Mexico, Aid-de-Camp to Santa Anna, spy in Texas, and Minister to England, has been banished from the city of Mexico.

DYSPEPSIA.—This distressing complaint is a weakness of the digestive organs, and, like every other disease, is caused by impurity of the blood. The gastric juice, a fluid peculiar to the stomach, when secreted from bad blood, is deficient in those wonderful solvent properties which are of such vital importance to digestion. Consequently, the food, instead of being speedily dissolved, often becomes absolutely spoiled, or putrified in the stomach; and bad breath, sour belching, costiveness, headach, pains in the stomach, cholic, dysentery, cholera morbus, and other dreadful complaints are sure to follow.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for Dyspepsia; because they cleanse the stomach and bowels of all bilious humors, and purify the blood. From four to five of said Pills, taken at night on going to bed, will in all cases give some relief, and if continued a short time, will not only make a certain cure of Dyspepsia, but will drive pain or distress of every name from the body.

☞ *Beware of Counterfeits!*—Purchase only at the Principal Office and General Depot, No. 169 Race street, corner of Fifth, Philadelphia. No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; No. 198 Tremont street, Boston; or of the regular advertised Agents.

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb	8a10	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	9a10
" middling,	5a 7	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	56a62½
" Corned,	5a 7	Wheat " "	$1a$1¼
Veal,	5a 8	Buckwheat, "	68a75
Mutton,	5a 6	Butter, lb.	20a25
Pork, fresh, per lb	5a 6	" Tub,	16a18
" pickled, "	6a 8	Lard,	9a11
Hams, Jersey,	10a12½	Sausage, per lb	5a 6
Jowls,	4a 6	Smearcase, qt.	5a 6
Dried Beef,	8a10	Cheese, "	6a12½
Beef's Tongues,	50a62½	Eggs, per doz	14a15
Hogs, killed, 100 lbs	$4a$5	Apples, ½ pk	10a18¾
Pigs, whole,	50a$1¼	Potatoes, "	6a 8
Pigs' Feet, set,	10a15	Sweet Potatoes, lb	2a 3
Sheep Tongues, doz	18a25	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Fresh Tripe, per lb.	3a 4	Pickles, per 100,	20a35
Sausages, stuffed, lb.	7a 8	Beets, bunch,	3a 5
" Jersey,	8a10	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Blood Pudding,	6a 7	Turnips, qr. peck,	5a 6
Souse Cheese, lb	8a 9	Onions, rope,	5a 6
Fowls, pair,	50a75	Dried Peaches, ½ pk	25a31
Chickens, pair,	37a50	" Apples, ½ pk	25a31
" " Live,	56a75	Sand Peas,	7a 8
Turkeys,	62a$1¼	Horseradish, root,	2a 3
Pigeons, pair,	18a25	Hominy, quart,	8a10
Ducks, pair,	56a75	Honey, per lb.	12a25
Geese,	50a75	Cabbage, head,	3a 5
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Rhubarb, bunch,	4a 5
Rabbits,	12a15	Cellery, "	3a 4
Opossums,	20a30	Dried Cherries, qt.	7a 8
Salmon, pickled, lb	10a12½	Cranberries, qt.	10a12½
" fresh,	13a15	Chesnuts, per qt.	7a 9
" dry, lb.	18a18¾	Chinquopins, "	10a12½
Pickled Cod,	4a 5	Walnuts,	1a 2
Fresh, "	5a 6	Shellbarks, per qt.	2a 3
Flounders,	6a 7	Hazelnuts, "	8a10
Perch, string,	12a31¼	Balsam, each,	3a 4
Rock, "	12a37½	Oysters, Bay, 100	20a50
Terrapins, doz.	$2a$5	" Tangiers,	50a75

The market this week presents no feature different from last week. Prices and the variety are not materially changed, and there exists all the difficulty that we last week noticed in reference to small change.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

REMARKS—The uncertainty which still exists in the public mind in relation to the course which will be pursued by the Legislature, in compelling the banks to resume specie payments, exercises a most injurious effect on business; and during the last few days the operations have been extremely limited. If the banks were permitted quietly to go on with their preparations for resumption on the first of August next, business would at once become more active, and confidence would soon revive.

BARK—We are still without any sales of Quercitron to note.

COFFEE—Market quiet and no sales of moment.

COTTON—Prices are steady with but few sales.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Supplies and demand quite limited, and holders are firm. Some sales for export at $6 bbl for fair brands. Sales for city use also at $6. Rye Flour—Further sales at $4 per bbl. Corn Meal—Demand fair—sales of 200 hhds Brandywine at $14 each—sale in bbls at $2,87½ for Penn's Meal.

GRAIN—We have not a single transaction to note in any description of Grain, and prices are nominally the same as on Saturday last.

LEAD—Further sales of 3000 Pigs Galena Lead, at $4 per 100 lbs, 6 mos.

MOLASSES—Market quiet. Sales of 200 bbls only fair quality New Orleans, at 23 cts, 4 mos.

PROVISIONS—The sales have been limited at the prices noted in our last review for Beef, Pork, Lard and Butter.

SEEDS—Sales of good Cloverseed at $6 per bushel—demand increasing.

WHISKEY—Holders are firmer, but the sales have been quite limited, at 18½ cts in hhds.—*North American.*

THE LADY'S

WORLD OF FASHION.

A new Monthly Magazine with the above title, embellished with the earliest Fashions from Paris and London, elegant Steel and Mezzotint Engravings, Lace Work, Embroidery, Music, etc. will be issued early in December in advance of the other Magazines for January. The work will be devoted *especially to the ladies,* and will be issued in a style never before attempted in this country. It will contain articles from the most popular and pleasing writers of the day on every variety of subject, but the work will be in the main devoted to the cultivation of the home virtues. Hence most of the stories will be of a practical, domestic character, from the pens of our best female writers, while the earliest fashions in all their varieties shall be correctly given;—so as to make the work welcome at every fire-side. In the halls of the fashionable and the gay,—the home of the virtuous matron, whose own needle supplies her raiment, as well as in the store and sewing room of the mantua maker and milliner.

The Main Design of the Work.

The prominent design of the Magazine will be to furnish in elegant and attractive style, the earliest, most correct, and full report in advance of all the other Magazines, and prior to the issuing of them here, of the Monthly Fashions direct from Paris and London. The advantage of this to every lady, who makes taste in dress the least matter of life, will at once be apparent, and to the professional dress maker and milliner of the United States, the enterprise will be of incalculable advantage. It is proposed to issue every month a number and variety of costume, which will put to the blush every thing in the way of monthly reports of the Fashions heretofore attempted.

For this purpose the publisher has embarked the most ample means and resources in the enterprise, and has matured his plans both in this country and in Europe prior to its commencement. It has been a favorite project, and has been deliberately undertaken, and will be carried through vigorously. The first number will give an idea of the beauty and real excellence of the plates.

Elegant Steel Engravings.

In order to render the work ornamental in the highest degree, and to make it a perfect *parlor companion,* and an *ornament to the centre-table,* as well as entertaining in its literature, and useful in the style of the fashion plates, it is proposed to issue the most elegant Steel and Mezzotint engravings from the first artists in the country, illustrated by choice and entertaining stories of domestic life. To vary the style of illustrations, occasional *Lace Patterns and Embroidery,* got out in unsurpassed beauty and truth, by that excellent artist F. Quarro, Esq. will also be given; and to leave nothing undone, at times, will be given, the most popular and elegant Music of the day, Songs, Gallopades, Marches, etc.

The Typography.

The work will be printed on clear and beautiful type, on a page larger than any of the present three dollar Magazines, with fine margin, and strong, white paper, and will contain as much matter as can be compressed into thirty-six large octavo pages.

Time of Delivery.

The Magazine will be issued on or before the 15th of the month preceding the month for which it will be published, or dated, or about the time the steamships which sail from Europe on the first of the month, usually arrive. Thus the work will be in the hands of every subscriber with the most correct fashions before they can be got out here, and anticipating all other Magazines at least six weeks.

The Terms.

To bring the work within the reach of all, it will be issued at two dollars per annum for a single, or three copies for five dollars invariably in advance, post paid. The cheapness of the work will be at once appreciated, when we state that the London World of Fashion retails in this country at $10 per annum, and the Lady's World of Fashion will include every variety in the same style of excellence.

To Clubs.

3 Copies for 5 dollars.
8 do. for 10 dollars.
Current funds, post paid.

Editors who may wish an exchange, upon copying this prospectus, will be furnished with the work for one year.

Address C. J. PETERSON,
Ledger Building, Philada.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail,* for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked,* if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 2d to the 15th Feb.

February 2, received from

T. Bowley,	$7 50	L. H. Monroe,	2 00
J. Fordyce,	5 00	M. B. Hinkle,	5 00
J. Brewer,	2 00	H. Hendee,	1 00
P. Ellis,	2 00	J. Haskill,	6 00
A. Crowell,	2 00	J. Moore,	2 00
D. C. Eldridge,	2 00	N. Bird,	5 00
R. Winchester,	1 00	M. Wright,	5 00
N. Pearsall,	5 00	J. K. Stoner,	2 00
C. D. Moorehead,	2 00	J. Dunlap,	2 00
S. Stephens,	2 00	D. E. Breneig,	3 75
S. F. Hupp,	5 00	E. Randolph,	6 00
J. R. Megor,	3 00	W. B. Storm,	7 00
S. High,	5 00	Miss Crapeet,	2 00
J. Rawle, Esq.	91 00	H. White,	3 00
J. Bickerluff, Esq	10 00		

February 3

C. Connor,	2 00	W. Payne,	2 00
M. Bunting,	4 00	R. H. Gage,	2 00
J. Veneman,	2 00	G. B. Truax,	2 00
W. C. Bell,	3 00	E. H. Jordan,	5 00
W. Griffin,	5 00	J. C. Adams, Esq.	21 00
W. Doty,	3 00	F. Harris,	5 00
A. Norton, Esq	12 00	A. L. Bird,	5 00
Bransford & Co	2 00	D. B. Brenamade,	5 00
J. Beall,	2 00	P. Dayton,	5 00
E. T. Chapman,	1 50	J. Airy,	2 00
A. Huggard,	2 00	W. Alden,	1 25
Miss M. Stowe,	3 00	J. Ayres,	7 00
R. E. Keys, Esq	10 00	G. Wade,	2 00
W. Finley,	5 00	S. Snyder,	1 00
T. Mousley,	6 00	P. Dugan,	4 00

February 4

T. Severn, agt	20 00	J. S. Hutchinson,	2 00
H. T. Grover,	5 00	D. W. Clarke,	2 00
H. Conrad,	5 00	N. S. Bates,	2 00
J. H. Plunkitt,	2 00	W. Taylor, Esq	13 00
J. Dukemaner,	5 00	J. Baxter,	2 00
C. W. Boyers, Esq	20 00	E. Josiin,	2 00
M. Davisson,	5 00	J. Ellis,	2 00
W. Naylor,	5 00	T. Blockwood,	2 00
J. B. Kinkead,	5 00	R. Robie,	2 00
M. Hoopes, Esq	11 00	G. Webree, Esq.	10 00
S. C. Whitney,	2 00	J. Gook,	7 00
E. Atwater,	2 00	J. Allison,	5 00
C. R. Vickey,	2 00		

February 5

D. McKee, Esq	10 00	S. S. Robeson,	2 00
D. Sage,	2 00	Mrs. Tubbs,	2 00
W. Tomlinson,	5 00	J. Hargraves,	3 00
E. Daggett,	2 00	J. Hassenter, Esq	12 00
S. Sherwood,	7 00	H. W. Strong,	6 00
J. Carpenter,	2 00	W. S. Mudett,	2 00
J. Dresser,	5 00	A. Mason,	8 00
B. Curtis, Esq	10 00	T. Wender,	5 00
R. Rockwell,	5 00	A. Hammard,	2 00
L. J. Wilkin,	4 00	G. Clark,	2 00
M. Nail,	2 00	J. C. Abbott, Esq.	10 00
H. Hutchinson, Esq	10 00	B. H. Russell, Esq	10 00
J. Hoge,	2 00	Miss S. Willard,	2 00
P. Thornton,	5 00	J. J. Keefe,	8 00
J. Bartram,	1 00		

February 7

J. Starr,	2 00	G. Suit,	8 00
Mrs. H. Jenkins,	2 00	S. Taylor,	3 00
E. Knight,	2 00	W. Wood, Esq.	10 00
L. Brown,	2 00	D. H. Harris,	2 00
G. W. Green,	1 50	J. W. Clark,	2 00
J. Hubler,	6 00	S. Thomas,	2 00
W. A. Pierce, agt.	40 00	W. Q. White,	2 00
D. Whitmore, agt	40 00	E. O. Loomis,	5 00
W. S. Campbell,	5 00	G. S. Marsh,	2 00
J. S. Cook,	5 00	W. Sloan, Esq	20 00
R. H. Stewart,	2 00	J. Latimer,	3 00
N. Wayne, Esq	20 00	L. Hicker,	1 00
L. B. Grider,	2 00	P. Rainy,	2 00
B. B. McMakin,	3 00	R. Northington, agt	4 00
R. J. Jones,	5 00	J. S. Dunbar,	5 00
C. Hawley,	9 00	G. C. Smith,	5 00
E. T. Bostrom,	5 00	L. Brown,	2 00
S. W. Lucas, Es	10 00	J. P. Bates,	6 00
G. W. Jordan,	2 00	G. E. Mills,	4 00
J. S. Thompson,	5 00		

February 8

A. M. Harper,	5 00	A. Cawles,	5 00
W. R. Waugh,	2 00	L. A. Booth,	2 00
A. Cunningham,	2 00	D. B. Wagner,	3 50
L. Bodman, Esq.	10 00	J. Kennard,	2 00
G. D. Beckham,	2 00	W. Andrews,	2 00
R. D. Scales,	5 00	M. Mathews,	2 00
J. Allen,	5 00	F. Kennedy,	4 00
W. S. Campbell,	1 00	E. G. Campbell,	5 00
J. C. Larrimore,	5 00	J. Steele,	7 00
P. H. Black, Esq.	10 00	J. Addison,	2 00
J. Meredith,	2 00	S. Williams,	2 00
J. Hacker,	4 00	S. Goldsly,	1 00
B. Goyer,	2 00	J. Boardman,	8 00
W. Moon, Esq	10 00	S. Goodwin,	4 00

February 9

A. L. Henderson,	4 00	E. P. Lecompte,	2 00
J. Ott, Jr.	2 00	G. Temple,	2 00
W. Johnson,	4 00	C. Weeks,	1 00
D. B. Carver,	2 00	F. O. Maher,	2 00
W. Colflesh,	1 00	H. Wheaton,	2 00
T. L. Smith,	5 00	P. Ormsley,	8 00
P. Rainy,	2 00	W. Crumb,	2 00
M. A. Briscoe,	3 00	P. Perrine, Esq	10 00
L. N. Fuller,	5 00	E. Price,	5 00
G. March,	5 00	S. Walker,	2 00
W. Weston,	2 00	J. W. Stavely,	5 00
G. W. Head, Esq	32 50	R. Vanderbeck,	1 00
G. Forrest,	1 00	S. Tillotson,	2 00
J. Rogers,	2 00	H. G. Johnson,	2 00
J. Ponder,	5 00	A. M. Gladden,	2 00
T. H. Blount, Esq	20 00	H. Upp,	4 00
T. W. Bolton,	6 00	H. Smith,	2 00
L. Garrison,	5 00	F. A. Zittman,	2 00
S. W. Risbee,	2 00		

February 10

C. C. Haddock,	2 00	W. F. McKeady	5 00
J. H. Allen,	2 00	J. Armstrong,	2 00
W. A. Pierce,	2 00	W. Estell,	5 00
J. H. Cowell,	2 00	H. Ashford, Esq	26 00
J. Tomlin,	5 00	E. B. Jenkins,	3 00
B. Venburn, Esq	10 00	P. Owens,	2 00
A. Midbury,	1 00	J. Megans,	2 00
E. R. Baldwin,	2 00	W. Oates,	4 00
J. M. Shackleford,	5 00	J. Manley,	1 00
D. Wineaw,	5 00	G. Brown,	2 00
D. Cree,	5 00	C. Arbon,	1 25
M. L. Dennis,	2 00	J. M. Smith, Esq	12 00
Miss L. Johnson,	2 00	S. Jordan,	4 25
J. H. Bennett, Esq	10 00	B. White,	2 00
T. B. Norment,	5 00		

February 11

J. H. Earley,	6 00	R. A. Berard,	5 00
F. Gould,	2 00	J. Green,	5 00
T. Sparks,	2 00	T. Collins,	5 00
W. Arthur, Esq.	15 57	J. West,	2 00
E. W. Rose,	5 00	J. Roberts,	2 00
L. Morganroth,	4 00	J. M. Stevens,	2 00
R. Sackett, P. M.	12 00	D. Lockwood,	2 00
S. Ermantrout,	2 00	D. Logan,	4 00
W. Quigley,	2 00	P. Eggles,	7 00
W. R. Brown,	7 00	J. Johns,	2 00
J. Paine,	2 00	W. Atherly,	1 25
J. Stephens,	2 00	J. Adams,	6 00
L. Bicknell,	5 00	P. McCorkle,	2 00
P. A. Atkinson,	2 00		

February 12

J. Sherwood,	5 00	C. B. Stratton,	2 00
W. W. Leland,	5 00	J. Moore, Esq	37 00
G. Armstrong, Esq	10 00	P. Vanbolhon, Esq	22 00
J. V. Campbell, Esq	10 00	G. Etter,	2 00
J. S. Moore,	2 00	P. Morse,	2 00
J. L. Spencer,	2 00	J. Earnest,	4 00
T. Bidell,	5 00	W. Isaacs,	2 50
J. H. Alexander, Esq	12 00	J. Williams,	2 00
W. Tantum,	2 00	J. Byrd,	1 00
W. Stokes,	2 00	P. Calaghan,	2 00
H. Latimer,	3 00	J. Oakley,	3 00
W. J. Couch,	7 00	G. Brandt,	2 00
A. S. Sandyrson, Esq.	10 00	P. Doyle,	4 00
F. Stewart,	5 00	T. Costoe,	1 00
A. Gaines,	2 00	J. Ramoley,	2 00

February 14

J. One,	2 00	W. Smith,	8 00
R. P. Mason,	2 00	J. H. Cooper,	2 00
S. W. McMasters,	4 00	H. T. Gower, Esq	17 00
J. Dresser,	3 00	H. Reed, Esq	10 00
A. Miles,	2 00	R. S. Copp,	1 00
J. S. Wheeler, Esq	15 00	J. L. Babcock,	2 00
C. R. Starkweather,	5 00	H. D. Mitchell,	1 00
T. J. Buster,	7 00	N. J. Thomas,	2 00
G. Bodington,	5 00	M. A. Winchester,	5 00
W. Smith,	2 00	A. G. Spalding,	5 00
A. Drum,	7 00	T. S. Redd,	2 00
J. Stephenson,	2 00	M. K. Alexander, Esq	10 00
E. Shober,	2 00	J. Milford,	5 00
D. W. Clark,	3 00	J. Kinsman,	5 00
E. B. Hill,	2 00	E. W. Pelton,	5 00
W. Goodwin,	2 00	Miss Sarah Lathrop,	2 00
G. Wilson,	5 00	S. Leonard,	2 00
R. Hyde,	5 00	S. Cannon,	2 00
A. West,	3 00	F. Baker,	2 00
J. Wiseman, Esq	10 00	J. Combs,	6 00
J. Blair,	5 00		

February 15

W. Turner,	5 00	G. Tombs,	3 00
T. Sendrum,	5 00	A. B. Wildman,	2 00
W. Cox,	2 00	J. Clark,	2 00
H. Develin,	2 00	R. Haskins,	4 50
E. G. Hardesty,	2 00	F. Brown,	75
C. Powell,	2 00	S. J. Bennett,	2 00
N. Barney, Esq	10 00	E. Davis,	2 50
W. Lachelier,	2 00	E. Ayres,	2 00
E. Chater,	2 00	C. G. Strobecker,	2 00
T. W. Clark,	5 00	E. S. Candler,	5 00
J. Bickner,	2 00	W. Heaton,	5 00
J. C. Lindsay,	5 00	W. Jones, Esq.	24 00
W. J. Congdon, Esq.	10 00	H. Torbert,	2 00
C. White,	5 00		

PHILADELPHIA TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—A SPECIAL MEETING of the Society will be held at the Hall of the Fire Association, corner of Fifth and North streets, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, the 19th inst. at half past 7 o'clock. Punctual attendance is requested.

By order of the President.
WILLIAM H. JONES, Secretary.

ALMANAC.

Feb. 1842.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.			
					D.	H.	M.
19 SATURDAY,	6 38	5 22	8 59				
20 SUNDAY,	6 37	5 23	9 51				
21 MONDAY,	6 35	5 24	10 53				
22 TUESDAY,	6 35	5 25	11 54				
23 WEDNESDAY,	6 33	5 27	12 53	Last	2	5	11
24 THURSDAY,	6 32	5 28	1 33	New	10	6	40
25 FRIDAY,	6 31	5 29	2 41	First	18	6	26
26 SATURDAY,	6 29	5 31	3 4	Full	24	11	1

Married,

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Williamson, WILLIAM MOORE, to MARGARET McFARLANE, both of this city.

On the 29th of August, 1841, at St. Michael's Church, by the Rev. Wm. Laughran, Mr. ROBERT TAAT, to Miss WINFRED CARROLL, both of Southwark.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. H. Ribighaus, Mr. THOMAS J. HENKELS, to Miss MARY ANN NIPPLES, both of the N. Liberties.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Isaac Leeser, Mr. P. FAIRBENDERO, of Philada. to Miss POLLY, second daughter of M. Spyer, Esq. of the Northern Liberties.

On the 10th inst. by Alderman C. Braser, SAMUEL LEE COLEMAN, to Miss MARY KNAPP, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, ISAAC PRIEST, to ANN ELIZABETH BICKERTON.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. P. Coombs, Mr. CHAS. W. CLOTHIER, to Miss ANN ELIZA GRIGG, eldest daughter of Capt. Mark Grigg, all of this city.

In this city, on the morning of the 10th inst. by the Rev. H. A. Boardman, H. B. McKAY, of St. Louis, Mo. to SARAH MARIA, daughter of the late Rev. Obadiah Jennings, D. D. of Nashville, of Tenn.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Richard Williams, AARON STILL, to HARRIET READ, both of this city.

On the 7th inst. at Baltimore, by the very Rev. P. E. Moriarity, D. D. LEWIS ROPER, M. D. of Philadelphia, to REBINA FRANCES, youngest daughter of Thomas Hillen, Esq. of Baltimore county.

In St. Louis, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Wesley Browning, JOHN JONES, to CHARLOTTE JANE, daughter of Chas. H. Schroeder, of St. Louis, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Neville, THOS. J. POULTERER, of this city, to SARAH B. daughter of Isaac N. Risdon, of Mount Holly, N. J.

On the 10th inst. at Philadelphia, by the Mayor, ELISHA P. HORNE, of Delaware county, Pa. to MARY AMANDA KING, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th inst. by Alderman C. Braser, Mr. SAMUEL HUMES, to Miss MARY MANAGAN, both of this city.

In New York, on the 8th inst. at the Astor House, JOHN N. TOWN, Purser, U. States Navy, to SUSAN, daughter of the late Hon. Aaron Hill, of Cambridge, Mass.

Died,

On the 15th inst. JAMES BARR, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 15th inst. after a short and severe illness, ELIZA REHN, daughter of the late George Rehn, Esq.

On the 14th inst. Mr. ISAAC McNEIL, in his 40th year.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. MARY JOSEPHINE SIMON, wife of George W. Simon.

On the 12th inst. at Lancaster, Pa. MARGARETTA ADELIA LEMAN, daughter of the late Jacob Leman, Esq. of that city.

At Bainbridge, Lancaster county, on the 9th inst. Miss ANN MILLER, formerly of Lancaster city, and late of Phila.

On the 12th inst. of consumption, MARGARET ANN MARTIN, wife of Edward Martin, in the 26th year of her age.

On the 14th inst. in the 13th year of her age, MARTHA C. daughter of Frederick V. Krug.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. MARY, wife of Capt. John Tubman, in the 43d year of her age.

On the 6th inst. at Hollidaysburg, Pa. Mr. EMANUEL McFADDEN, aged 102 years and 6 months.

On the 13th inst. BENJAMIN TOWN, Jr. of the firm of B. Town & Sons, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 26th ult. in the town of Fulton, N. Y. Mr. JOHN L. LAWYER, a revolutionary hero, in the 94th year of his age.

In Lower Mt. Bethel, Northampton co. LUDWIG SHOUP, a revolutionary hero, aged 90 years.

In Easton, Pa. on the 9th inst. CHAUNCEY RICE, a revolutionary hero.

Suddenly, on the 13th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of Elizabeth Holmes.

On the 13th inst. MARY McCULLY, in the 60th year of her age.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARY C. wife of Philip Erwin, and daughter of John Trone, of Frankford.

On the 10th instant, at 7, P. M. of puerperal convulsions, Mrs. CHRISTIANA M. CADWALLADER, wife of Edw. J. Cadwallader, in the 26th year of her age.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE HART, wife of the late Charles Hart, in the 86th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. EDWARD STOTT, in the 25th year of his age.

On Saturday, 12th inst. Mrs. MARY NETTERLY DORLEY, aged 35 years.

On Sunday morning, 13th inst. THOMAS VAUGHAN, Sr. in the 86th year of his age.

On the 12th inst. SAMUEL WILLIAMS, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. CORA MARGARET, daughter of the late Dr. Banduy, of the Island of Cuba, aged 3 years.

Suddenly, on the 10th inst. AARON OAKFORD, of Darby, aged 47 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY DULL, in the 79th year of her age, after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian resignation.

On the 11th inst. Miss SOPHIA W. MILEY, daughter of Jacob and Sophia Miley, in the 26th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 11th instant, MARY LEONORA, wife of Charles M. Brock, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. in the 23d year of her age, Mrs. HARRIET N. FOUST, wife of Robert M. Foust.

Suddenly, on the 11th inst. JOHN D. PORTNER, of Amsterdam, Holland, aged about 57 years.

On the 11th inst. Mr. JOHN COX, aged 45 years.

On the 12th inst. in the 39th year of her age, Mrs. ANN BURNS.

On the 12th inst. of typhus pleurisy, Mrs. CATHARINE KHAIL, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. CHARITY ELDRIDGE, wife of Capt. Isaiah Eldridge, in the 53d year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH BENNETT, wife of Abel Bennett, in the 39th year of her age.

On the evening of the 12th inst. JOSEPH NEELY, in the 34th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Rev. ANDREW MECASKEY, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. ENOCH, infant son of Capt. Albert and Rebecca Turley.

On the 9th inst. JEFFERSON BROWN, second son of Wm. F. Murphy, aged 5 years, 4 months and 10 days.

On Wednesday, the 9th inst. Mrs. MAGDELINE CHRISTMAN, relict of the late Henry Christman.

On the morning of the 10th inst. BEULAH BURR, in the 64th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. JOHN GARVIN, aged 29 years.

On the 28th ult. at Vicksburg, Mrs. ALEXANDER PEALE, a native of Philadelphia.

At Bridgeton, N. J. on the 6th inst. JOHN BUCK, merchant, of the firm of Stratton, Buck & Co.

On the 10th inst. of nervous fever, JOHN H. FASY, in the 50th year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 10th inst. Mrs. MARY, wife of James T. Sutton, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. JOHN SCHELLENGER, in the 80th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. EMMA, infant daughter of Samuel and Caroline Havenstrite, aged 11 months.

On the morning of the 10th instant, VIRGINIA, youngest daughter of Thaddeus Norris, of this city, aged 7 months.

On Friday morning, 11th instant, HENRY SAMUEL, son of Chas. and Esther Jane Harkness, aged 5 years.

On the 11th inst. ROBERT, son of Edward and Bridget Maginnes, in the 10th month of his age.

Health Office, Feb. 12, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 5th to the 12th of February

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	29	29
Apoplexy,	2	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	2
Croup,	0	4	——Bronchi,	1	2
Congestion of Brain,	0	1	——Lungs,	2	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	16	2	——Stomach and Bowels,	1	1
Convulsions,	0	6	——Bowels,	1	3
Diarrhoea,	1	0	——Liver,	0	1
Dropsy,	2	0	——Breast,	0	1
——Head,	0	8	Marasmus,	1	2
Disease of Stomach,	0	1	Mania a Potu,	1	0
——Liver,	2	0	Old Age,	5	0
——Kidney,	1	0	Scrofula,	0	1
Drowned,	1	0	Softening of Brain,	0	1
Debility,	1	2	Small Pox,	0	4
Fever, Nervous	1	0	Still Born,	0	5
——Typhoid,	0	2	Unknown,	3	1
——Scarlet,	0	3	Whooping Cough,	0	2
Hernia,	1	0			
Carried over,	29	29	Total, 101—	44	57

Of the above there were 7 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 10 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 6,	38	52	54
7,	44	48	47
8,	26	29	34
9,	20	25	30
10,	32	40	46
11,	38	45	51
12,	47	50	57

THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY No. 4.—This work will challenge comparison with any Musical publication in the world.

CONTENTS OF NO. 4.

OH! TAKE ME BACK TO SWITZERLAND—Tyrolean Ballad—By the Hon. Mrs. Norton—For the piano forte.

THE SAILORS GALLOPADE—From "Le Mufrage de la Meduse"—For the piano forte.

KIND, KIND AND GENTLE IS SHE—A favorite Scotch Ballad—Written by Gabriel H. Barbour—Music by W. C. Peters—For the piano forte.

FONDEST AFFECTIONS STILL CLING TO HOME—For the guitar.

Subscription price $2,50 per volume (50 numbers.) Single numbers 12½ cents.

N. B. A liberal discount allowed to post masters and others who procure a number of subscribers. BURNS & CO. No. 144 South Second street.

FOR SALE BY SMITH & PECK, corner Third and Arch streets.

Webster's edition of the Bible, in two sizes. In this edition the language is corrected; improper words and bad grammar are rejected, and the whole so amended that it may be read in the family. There are many clergymen and pious laymen, who use this copy constantly in their families.

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Webster's History of the United States, containg many facts to be found in no other book.

Webster's new Dictionary, 2 vols. super royal octavo, containing several thousand words, more than is in the quarto.

Webster's Dictionary, 1 vol. 8vo. new edition, containing the additional words as above.

Sold at wholesale and retail by the subscribers, agents for the author. The trade is supplied at publishers prices.

SMITH & PECK.
feb 19-3t Corner 3d and Arch streets.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at Public Sale on the premises, near to Byberry Meeting, on the 3d of March, 1842. A superior Farm situate in Byberry township, Philadelphia county, 13 miles from Philadelphia, half mile from Byberry Meeting house, and about 1 mile from the Bristol turnpike on the road leading from said turnpike to Byberry Meeting house. Bounded by lands of David Comfort, Lewis Rumford and others, containing 30 acres more or less, 6 of which is good woodland, the remainder being arable land in the highest state of cultivation, divided into small enclosures with good fences, and a stream of water passing through it. The improvements consist of a good two story frame house with two rooms and a kitchen on the first floor. A first rate milk house and pump near the kitchen door. A large barn with convenient stabling, and pump in the barn yard. Large wagon house with granaries, corn crib and carriage house adjoining, together with all other necessary out buildings in complete repair. An apple orchard of between 3 and 4 acres in prime of bearing, celebrated for its choice fruit, and a great number of other fruit trees, such as pear, cherry, plumb, quince, &c. all of the most approved kinds, the land and all its improvements are in the very best condition. The excellent society of the neighborhood, and its convenience to places of public worship, good schools, post office, mills and all kinds of mechanics, &c. makes it one of the most desirable farms that has been offered for sale. Persons wishing to view the premises previous to the sale, will be shown the same by calling on Andrew Singly residing on the premises, or the assignee near by. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M. when attendance will be given and conditions made known by JOHN S. VANSANT, Assignee.

January 31. feb 5 4t*

RAW SILK WANTED.—A fair price will be given for well reeled Raw Silk, at No. 45 Gaskill near 3d street, running between Lombard and South streets. nov 27 3m

PAIN OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, whether of gout, rheumatism, headache, toothache, or any other kind of ache, is in all cases caused by impure humors of the blood which have lodged upon the parts, and which nothing save vegetable purging, (purifying) can remove, because by no other means can said impurity be driven from the body.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Have no superior, if indeed they have an equal, in removing every description of pain; because they carry off, by the stomach and bowels, all morbid and corrupt humors (the cause of disease,) in so easy and natural a manner, that the body is actually restored to health, as if by magic.

Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills taken once in twenty four hours, on going to bed, will in a short time not only drive pain or distress of every kind from the system, and restore the body to a state of sound health, but the blood and other fluids will be so completely purified, that new life and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

—*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*

Are for sale at the OFFICES,

No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

No. 288 Greenwich street, New York;

No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

☞ Beware of counterfeits.

Purchase only of the above named offices, or of the following respectable merchants, who have been appointed agents for the sale of the above named Pills in

LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.

John Zimmerman,	Lancaster
J. M'Sparren & Co.	Fairfield
Lewis Haine,	Quarryville
Benjamin Brennan,	Bartholomew Township
Benjamin Bowo,	Strasburg
H & N E Haymaker,	Williamstown
A H Whitmer,	Paradise
John Gross P M	Ephrata
Jacob & Samuel Miller	Brickersville
Dedrong & Clauser,	Hinchletown
Jacob Hart,	Beartown
Davies Waitee,	Earl Township
Frederick G Lenkert,	Litiz
Peter Good,	Earl Township
A L & L Custer,	New Holland
S M Kerauser	Churchtown
Wm Buchanan	Cambridge
Thomas Hines,	Intercourse and Hatville,
J & H Bruner,	Bird in Hand
John B Brubaker,	Petersburg
John B Dellenback,	Marietta
Wm S Campbell,	Maytown
Benj Hammond,	Hammondsville
Joshua Woodcock,	Columbia
John Pusey,	Chesnut Level
John Shaffer,	Manheim
James B Patton,	Mount Joy
Sweigert & Shork,	Springville
W & E Watson,	Drumore Township
Kerns & Ferguson,	Rock Mills
D & P Pratt,	Newtown Square
S S Worth,	Embreeville
J A M'Ilvaine,	The Gap
Henry Deffenderfer,	Warwick Township
Brenneman & Whisler,	Elizabethtown
Samuel J Snyder,	Landersville
Martin Weidman,	West Ephrata
J & H Stauffer,	Speedwell
John P Wickel,	Hinchletown
Crew & Grabel,	Landersburg
Benjamin Urban,	Willow Street
J B Haine,	Pleasant Grove
Harland & Carter,	New Texas
Jacob Hall,	Buck P O
Truman Cooper,	Locust Grove Township
Isaac Smith,	Mount Pleasant Store
A Hensley,	Washington
Wm P Michaels,	Mt Pleasant Lan. turnpike
E H Paxson,	Ashville, Little Brittain tp.
Benjamin Hunt,	Andrews Bridge
Wm Manahan	Concord

feb 19 4t

NOTE.—Be sure to ask for WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS *of the North American College of Health.*

DR. PETERS' MEDICAL LOZENGES, *Wholesale and Retail,* at No. 90 NORTH SIXTH street.

PETERS' COUGH LOZENGES

Are now rapidly superseding all other preparations for the relief of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Whooping Coughs, Catarrh, Tightness of the Chest, Bronchitis, and similar Pulmonary affections. It is now well established that a large proportion of cases of Consumption, by which so many valuable lives are annually sacrificed, owe their origin to the neglected Colds and Coughs, which might easily have been removed at an early period. No medicine will be found so efficacious in curing such cases as these Lozenges. They infallibly allay the cough by removing the irritation which keeps it up, while at the same time they promote expectoration, and relieve digestion. *Dose.*—One Lozenge is usually a dose for an adult, which may be repeated five or six times a day, if required. A child over eight years old, a quarter to one of four, and so in proportion. When administered to children the most convenient way is to dissolve them in a little warm water. The diet should be light, and the bowels kept regular, as the Lozenges have a laxative effect, other medicine is seldom required; but when costiveness is present, a few Cathartic Lozenges will be found useful. If the cough is harassing at night, two should be taken at bed time. As a general rule, they should not be taken before breakfast; but if they are half the usual dose will be sufficient. If there is pain in the chest or side, one of Peters' Plasters (price only 12½ cents) should be spread over the part and warm till relieved.

PETERS' WORM LOZENGES

Are acknowledged by the faculty to be the most scientific and successful preparation for the destruction of worms ever offered to the public. There are several medicines advertised as specifics in such cases, but they have proved so uncertain and worthless, as to have lost all confidence with the public. Some of them, indeed, are so violent in their operation as to frequently lead to fatal results. The public, therefore, is cautioned against them. These Lozenges, while they will be found to be perfectly safe, will at the same time never fail, when worms are present, to destroy them.

Symptoms of Worms.—These are headach, vertigo, paleness of the lips, with flushed cheeks, grinding the teeth during sleep, disturbed dreams, sleep broken off by fright and screaming convulsions, feverishness, thirst, bad taste in the mouth, offensive breath, cough, difficult breathing, itching of the nostrils, pain in the stomach, nausea, squeamishness, voracious appetite, leanness, tenesmus, slight chills or shiverings, drowsiness, fatigue, swelled stomach or limbs, rising and choking in the throat, itching of the anus toward night, turbid urine, frequent desire to evacuate the bowels, discharges of slime and mucus, &c.

PETERS' CORDIAL LOZENGES

Are a specific for the relief of nervous or sick headach, lowness of spirits or melancholy, languor and debility, either from previous disease or too free living, tremors, spasms of the stomach, irritability of the nerves, hysterical affections, drowsiness, cholera morbus, sense of fatigue and palpitation of the heart. From their efficacy in the relief of headach, they are called by many Headach Lozenges.

PETERS' VEGETABLE SHILLING STRENGTHENING PLASTER.

This is not only the cheapest, but the best, neatest and most comfortable plaster in existence.

Peters' Shilling Plaster is an easy and most effective remedy for pain in the breast, side or stomach—weakness or pain in the chest, loins or back—stiffness of the joints, affections of the liver, or joints, whether produced by rheumatism or other causes, habitual pain of the head or stomach, piles, colds, coughs, liver complaints, weakness of the spine, pre-disposition to break out in boils and pimples, listlessness of the frame, and for general debilitation.

Let any person affected as above try one of Peters' Shilling Plasters, and we will venture to say that he could not be prevailed on to discard it again, for ten, or most probably for a hundred dollars. Price 12½ cents.

F. S. A facsimile of the proprietor's signature, together with full directions for use, accompany each plaster.

Dr. Peters' principal offices are 90 North SIXTH street, Philadelphia, and 459 BROADWAY, New York. feb 12-6m

FEMALE BEAUTY—CULPABLE NEGLECT!! It has been observed by visitors from all other countries, as well as by persons of the best cultivated taste in this, that in no country is there a larger share of female beauty and excellence than in this city. Yet, while the shoe-fitter, dress-maker and milliner, are engaged in adorning "nature's best gift to man," one part appears almost totally neglected—THE HAIR. How frequently do the ravages of disease lay waste the delicate form of the fair and beautiful, and though restored again to health, yet those flowing locks which once adorned their heads fall off, and never again return to their original beauty. It is inconceivable how any person, more especially a lady, can manifest so much neglect on this point, when a "NEVER FAILING REMEDY" can be obtained by calling at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia, and asking for Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, which will perfectly restore the only neglected part of female ornament.

What is a dollar or two to complete the crowning point of female beauty? jan 29-3m

LIFE! LIFE!! LIFE!!!—"All that a man hath will he give for his life"—so we find it recorded in the most ancient and best of books, but when we see thousands dying all around us, with Consumption, Croup, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, and other pulmonary affections, we are led to doubt the correctness of the above assertion, especially since it is so well known that a certain remedy may be obtained, which always arrests these diseases.

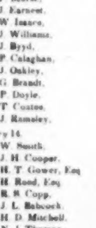
Dr. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT never fails to give relief, and cures after every other means have failed. This can be, and has been proven in thousands of instances, where it has effected radical cures, after the patient had been given up by all his friends and physicians. This valuable Expectorant is prepared only by Dr. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD st. Phila. jan 29 3m

JUST RECEIVED, a splendid assortment of IRISH LINENS.
Damask Table Diapers,
do. do. Cloths,
do. do. Napkins,
Long Lawns,
Barnsley and Irish Sheetings.
Purchasers are invited to examine them.
JOHN WILLIAMS,
jan 29 6m No. 296 North C. coms near Noble street.

MURDER! "Murder!" "Murder" the cry of which at all times will arouse the most stupid. Yet murders are daily perpetrated, which excite very little attention. Is not CONSUMPTION daily murdering thousands of human beings? Does not ASTHMA render life a burthen, and then destroy its victim? Does not BRONCHITIS paralyze the usefulness of many of our most eminent Divines and other public Speakers, to say nothing of the thousands of all ages and sexes who are swept into eternity by it? Millions of human beings sink down and die, by attacks of the above and similar affections of the Lungs and throat. Fortunately for mankind, JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT has never been known to fail in giving relief, and has, in thousands of instances, effected permanent cures after all other means had failed.

Prepared and sold only by Doctor D. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. jan 29 3m

IT IS THE AGE OF IMPROVEMENTS!



But none of more every day utility than A. KIMBALL'S IMPROVED PATENT PUMP has yet been made on old fashions. "IT CAN'T BE BEAT." It combines *great durability, simplicity, and ease of operation. Is secure from frost, easily put up or removed,* neat and CHEAP. The working parts are all *iron,* neatly fitted and not liable to get out of order. The stock is of durable timber saturated with a composition which makes it water-proof and lasting. Where once known they become generally used. The only difficulty is to get one introduced so as to be seen and tried. They are put up complete (if none are in the neighborhood) without charge, until *fully proved* to be superior to any yet known. When ascertained to be entirely satisfactory the price is 14 dollars for a Pump and stock 15 feet in length, and 30 cents for each additional foot. Sufficient references can be given at the

FACTORY, No. 13 Quarry Street, near Third, below Race Street.

, Orders giving depth of well from platform (post paid, with reference to Philadelphia) promptly attended to by A. KIMBALL, No. 13 Quarry street, or SAMUEL COATE ATKINSON, Agent, No. 39 North 5th street, Philadelphia.

Large Pumps for Railroads, Corporations, factories of vessels, Force Pumps, double or single action, for raising water to supply Baths, reservoirs for extinguishing fires, &c. to be worked by hand or power. Metal Suction Pumps, London Pipe, &c. &c. constantly for sale. jan 8 3m

CONSUMPTION Consumption!!—Dr. Swayne's COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, Palpitation of the Heart, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, in short all diseases that are indicative of or that will be likely to lead to Consumption. These who have used this medicine need not be told of its virtues. As a safe family medicine none can equal it; its cures are its best praise, and from its tonic and strengthening properties it is very much sought after by those whose nervous system has been impaired.

Dr. W. H. Milnor, Broadway, New York.
Wm. Thorn, Pittsburg, Pa.
G. W. & R. W. Davis, No. 204 Market street, Baltimore.
Rev. J. P. Cook, No. 32
J. & Morris & Co. Louisville, Kentucky. jan 1 3m
Samuel D. Clark, Hamburg, South Carolina.
J. L. Houston, Augusta, Georgia.

NOTICE.—The sale of my COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY has been entirely removed from No. 10 NORTH EIGHTH street, and can now only be had of the advertised Agents, or at my General Office, Number 24 NORTH SIXTH street, one door below ARCH. DR. SWAYNE.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND DRUGGISTS wishing PEASE'S celebrated Clarified ESSENCE OF HOARHOUND CANDY. For the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, &c. an article which has obtained a greater celebrity, and commands a more ready sale, both in EUROPE AND AMERICA, than any other medicinal preparation that has ever been offered to the public,—can send their orders to those in the city with whom they have dealings, or direct to the subscriber.

☞ A liberal discount allowed.
☞ All letters must be post paid. G. B. ZIEBER,
No. 87 Dock street, Philadelphia,
nov 27 3m* Wholesale Agent for J. Pease & Son.

STAMMERING CURED, and Instruction given in ELOCUTION by *Dr. A. Comstock,* No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia. nov 20 1y*

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 79 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to *Dental Surgery* will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.

Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder, and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. oct 1 ly

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business, or manufactured to order in the neatest and most approved style, and warranted equal to the best manufactured pieces.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.
nov 1 2y—6 S. & W. WILSON.

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the N. O. Picayune.

Mary Ann.

Mary Ann's a maiden gay,
And for her I weave a lay,
Mary Ann!
Mary has two eyes, and they
Serve for her to see her way,
Just as other maidens may,
Mary Ann!

Mary also has a nose,
And the tip she upward throws,
Mary Ann!
And she follows it, and knows
'Tis before her as she goes,
For 'tis bright *couleur de rose*.
Mary Ann!

Mary has a little hand,
That is just a little tann'd,
Mary Ann!
Mary Ann has got two feet
Which convey her thro' the street
In a way 'twere hard to beat.
Mary Ann!

She has also teeth and lips,
And she tea and coffee sips,
Mary Ann!
Then she wags a tongue about,
Has a mouth, beyond a doubt,
Which she couldn't do without.
Mary Ann!

If you meet with Mary Ann,
You may catch her if you can,
Mary Ann!
If to catch her you should plan,
And should make yourself her man,
You'll be sorry you began.
Mary Ann!

Mary isn't rich in dimples,
But she boasts of sundry pimples,
Mary Ann!
I have said she has two eyes
Which she uses very wise,
As to see across she tries
Mary Ann!

She has also got a voice,
Not particularly choice,
Mary Ann!
But she uses it for speaking
In a manner shrilly creaking,
And she's very good at shrieking
Mary Ann!

She has also other graces,
Shining in their proper places,
Mary Ann!
Intellectuality
Of a certain quality,
She has in reality,
Mary Ann!

Therefore she has got a head,
Cover'd with a growth of red,
Mary Ann!
And it straggles like a thatch,
Over eyes and nose to match,
The best beauty in the batch
Mary Ann!

'Tis a picture most enchanting,
But reality is wanting,
Mary Ann!
So your anger needn't stretch,
To be made so queer a wretch,
For 'tis only fancy's sketch,
Mary Ann! PHARMA.

An Odd Man.—General O——, of Pennsylvania, was a perfect bundle of oddities—with some vices mixed up with many virtues, amongst which were not wanting great vivacity and presence of mind. Being at one time in Philadelphia, which he wished to leave the next morning, he found it necessary to see an acquaintance then in the city, that night. Upon inquiry, he learned that his friend had gone with some company to a fashionable faro bank, somewhere in Dock street. General O—— set out in search, but not knowing the exact location of the house, he was somewhat embarrassed, as he was unwilling to compromise the gravity of his person by making inquiries for such a place on the street. Observing a lad before him, the General accosted him—

"My lad, can you tell me where the—— barber shop is?"

"The barber shop? yes sir, it is over there," pointing to it.

"That! you young rascal, that's not the barber shop!—that's the gambling house."

"No sir, it's not—the gambling house is there, where you see the lamp in the hall."

"O, I beg your pardon, my boy—I beg your pardon—here's a shilling for you."

Advice for New Years.—If you are not married make up your mind to become so this year. If you are not in love, get in—fall in—tumble in, as soon as possible. If you are—propose—propose. The girls are asking, "Why don't the men propose?" And don't take our refusal. The ladies have a shocking habit of saying no, when they mean, yes. They are fond of contradiction, and like to be supplicated. Accommodate them.

It is not good for man to be alone, nor woman either. A human being with no one to love—is a miserable being. Old maids and old bachelors are moral abortions. When a man gets married, he doubles his motives to exertion.

Character of a Sot.—He is like a statue placed in moist air—all the lineaments of humanity are mouldered away, and there is nothing left of him but the rude lump of the shape of a man. He has drowned himself, as it were, in a butt of wine. He has swallowed his humanity and drank himself into a beast. He is like a spring tide, when he is drunk to water mark he swells and looks big, and overflows every thing that stands in his way. But when the drink within him is at ebb, he shrinks within his banks, and falls so slow and shallow that cattle may pass over him.

Song by an Oyster.

Love me while I live,
Eat me when I die;
What to me are pain or death,
So that thou be nigh!
Once I opened rich,
Now I'm growing poor;
Oh! what for thy dear sake
Could I not endure?
Even a sizzling roast,
Even a simmering stew,
Or in batter, I'd been fried,
Had it strengthen'd you.
Kiss me for my love,
Sorrow for my pain;
Come, and murmur in my shell
That thou lov'st again.

Hunting Deer.—The hunting deer are very curious; and I do not remember to have seen them, in any other part of India. A large male antelope is trained to walk quietly among a herd of wild ones, one of the males of which immediately comes out to fight. The tame one, having ropes twisted in a particular manner among his horns, soon manages to entangle his antagonist: and the moment he finds he has done so, he throws himself on the ground, and anchors the other until people come up and secure him.

Rare Philosophy.—He was a truly brave fellow that said—"Consider no man capable of insulting you who is mean enough to attempt it. In this you have the decided advantage. For whilst, by the insult he acknowledges you worthy of his notice, you, by your neglect, prove him unworthy of yours."

Such a man would make a better soldier in defence of any just cause, than the loudest swaggerer ever heard of.

Taking it Cool.—A couple of friends were riding out lately, near New Orleans, when the horse driven by one of them, became a little independent, and dashed off at a great rate, defying every effort to control him. "This is a gone case," said the one driving; "I can't begin to hold him; just help me will you?" "O, never mind," said the other, very complacently, "I dare say we can ride about as fast as the horse can run!"

Highly Concentrated Advertising.—A perfumer, of very classical proficiency, commences his advertisement thus:—

"It was said of Attila, 'that on that spot where the hoofs of his courser struck the earth, no blades of grass ever grew again.' It may be said in a similar tone, that where 'Gouraud's Poudres Subtiles' touch the skin, the hair vanishes from the place like magic."

Temperance.—A loafer once promised never again to call for liquor at a bar. In order to evade this promise, he went into a tavern with a friend, then, according to agreement, asked him softly with what weapon David slew Goliah. He looked at the bar-keeper, and replied in a loud voice, "a sling!"

A Wise-acre.—Prentice says, one Mr. Aker, of the Indiana Senate, is seeking to immortalize himself by cutting off the newspapers of that State from the little income they derive from the publication of sheriff's sales. He is a wise *Aker*.

Good.—If your sister while tenderly engaged in a tender conversation with her sweetheart requests you to bring her a glass of water from the adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed.

A Costly Kiss.—A young gentleman in New York has been fined $500 for abruptly taking a kiss from a young demoiselle. Why didn't the spooney give it back to her, and she wouldn't have said a word about it.

A Monkey.—"What will de Frenchmen make next!" as the Dutchman said, the first time he ever saw a monkey.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

The White Fawn:

A Tale of Western Virginia.

Yes, 'tis a tale twice told—a tale of border life, woven with the incidents of early emigration to the West. But to me it is fresh and beautiful; for with it, crowd up the recollections of the trials of my ancestors, and, at the same time, of that other race, who, little more than half a century ago, claimed these territories as their own. Here, upon these grounds, which I now call my own, and which are smiling under a teeming harvest, the proud Indian warrior once walked, the sole proprietor. Here, his swift foot pursued the panting deer, and his sure arrow drank the blood of the beast of prey;—here, went up the loud cry of war; here, the death song; and here, when the shout of battle ceased, buried he under this venerable tree, the hatchet wiped from blood;—here, he smoked his pipe of peace; here, kindled up his council-fire. There, in that deep grove, the brave of a hundred scalps, gathered his children, with the young of his tribe, and recounted his deeds of prowess, and kindled in their breasts the flames of patriotism;—there, in that same retreat, the young chieftain "wooed his dusky maid," and drank the rapture of her deep dark eye. On the surface of yonder gently flowing stream, he paddled his light canoe. But alas! they are all gone: they left no historian to pen their story; no poet, to celebrate their achievements in song. Forgetfulness almost complete, has passed over all they had, and the very traces of their being are almost gone—

"The plough is on their hunting grounds,
The white man's axe rings through their woods!"

Reader! If the oft-repeated narratives of this hapless race have ceased to interest thee, thou needest not read further: for this is but a simple recital of a simple incident, connected with the early history of thy country's settlement. It introduces one of that proud class of beings, who, as we said before, had neither historian nor poet, of their own, to commit their names to the rolls of immortality; their sole memorials consist in the traditionary memoirs which our forefathers have related to us, when we gathered around them to hear of their border troubles.

The history of the settlements on our Western frontier is replete with the most thrilling incidents. It is not wonderful that it should be so; for it was there that the Indian *took his stand*, and endeavored to hold at bay the people who had already usurped a large share of his inheritance. It was there he made a desperate halt to oppose those approaches, and to check that rapacity which seemed to threaten the entire consumption of all that he possessed. In those scenes were displayed all the strength, greatness and ferocity of Indian character.

When this country was first visited by Europeans, they found its possessors kind, generous and unsuspecting, to a fault. They welcomed them as demigods, and received them with the openheartedness of brothers; but they had opened their bosom to warm the viper—they found, when it was too late, that it had struck its fangs deep; and that though the poison acted slowly, it would not cease until it had consumed the whole body. Before the eyes of the red man were open, the pale faces had obtained too firm a footing to be dislodged; and after a few fruitless efforts to maintain his home East of the mountains, he turned his eyes for the last time to the blue Atlantic, along whose shores he had so often loitered, listening to the roar of the surge, as the mighty voice of his father—the Great Spirit; and then turned his footsteps to the hunting-grounds of the immeasurable West. True, it was not without regret; for as one of these stricken but proud men gained the highest peak of the Alleghanies, he looked back, and the strong feelings of his strong soul were moved to agony—an agony which writhed the features even of this "stoic of the woods." There, thought he, are the graves of my sires; there, thought I to rest by their sides. There, I first pursued the chase; there, were the wigwams and the cornfields of my tribe. But our fields are desolate, our council-fires are gone out, and our wigwams are in ashes!

As he thought of all these, a tear filled his eye, but it dropped not; it returned again to its fount, for the spirit of Vantappa was not a woman's. He could not weep; deep thoughts agitated his bosom. Once again he turned his eyes to forsaken home, then Westward hied he to the vale of the Ohio.

The sinking sun was flooding the hill-tops and the forests with gold; and as he gazed upon the beauty of the scene, his soul was calmed, and he thanked the Great Spirit that he might yet have a home. "Here," said he, "the enemy may not come—may not come!" he started at the echo of his own voice—"may not come!" and again there seemed to be a portentous echo—"*he may come.*" The very thought struck through every nerve, and distended his already herculean frame. With eyes and hands uplifted to Heaven, he imprecated a curse upon himself, a curse upon his children, a curse upon his whole tribe, if they ever made peace with any white man. "Let him dwell by the waves of the great water—let him live in peace, but let him not follow in the trail of Vantappa, for here Vantappa will never pity! Ah! let the breath of the Great Spirit breathe in his face, if he cross this barrier; let sickness blast and wither him; let famine and thirst parch him; let not his arrows find game, nor the earth give him corn; let his children all be girls, and the hearts of his men become as the hearts of squaws. Great Spirit! hear the prayer of Vantappa!"

A few years passed away, and the tide of emigration rolled Westward. The enterprising spirit of the Virginians had carried them to the top of the mighty barrier which separates the exuberant valley of the Mississippi from the Atlantic regions; and there they were enabled to catch glimpses of a portion of country richer far than any that their eyes had before seen. Rumor had brought them tidings of the richness of its soil; of its mighty forests: its rich and extended prairies; its beautiful and majestic streams; the Ohio, "*la belle riviere*," with its fairy isles; the Mississippi, "father of waters," with its thousand tributaries; and it had been heard—so grand and fertile was this region—that here the aborigines fixed the place of departed shades, where the Great Spirit took his children after this life, and led them to woods where game never was scarce, and corn grew without labor.

It was determined to form a settlement. About twenty families departed, and soon founded "a local habitation" on a small branch of the Kanawha, in a well protected valley of small extent, and is known by the name of Fenloe Valley. Never were greater hardships suffered by any people in making for themselves a home—but these need not be enumerated. The graphic pen of a Hall has delineated them so faithfully, that to most readers they are familiar things, and stand out before the mind like beautiful pictures.

Of the company we refer to, were Mr. Weldon and his large family. He had left a beautiful home in the East, not because want had driven him from it, for by moderate labor his plantation had yielded him a comfortable living; but his children was rising up around him—and he knew, that to divide his possessions among them, their patrimony must be small. Actuated then by the same spirit which has been prevalent in our own day, he sold his homestead with its numerous and valuable improvements, and with the proceeds purchased a more ample one in the valley we have named. But he little anticipated the hardships which were to be the attendants of this change of homes! The very first year the murderous Indian had robbed him of three of his children; and more than once was the existence of his whole family jeopardized.

At the end of the sixth year, comfort, comparative comfort, began to be realized; and Mr. Weldon thought that the hours of trial were past. With all a father's affection, as his family gathered around him in the evening, and he saw every cheek blushing with health and buoyancy, and every eye beaming with delight and contentment, he thanked his God for the change, and rejoiced that he had done wisely in removing, and thus securing competence to his children, and at the same time removing them from the temptations so incident to Eastern life at that time. But alas! the hours of trial had *not* been completed.

The hated foe, it is true, had retired, but not forever. The eagle had sought its eyry, and the lion its covert; but it was only to beguile into repose their unsuspecting victims. Again and again, at widened intervals, did the blow of the tomahawk and scalping knife fall; but the hand that dealt it was not seen. The arrow was swifter than the eagle's swoop, and the tomahawk surer than the lion's bound.

Of that contented family, there was one whose seat was always by her father's side; she claimed it as her right, though she had none to envy her. She was now an only daughter; and her brothers loved her. I had almost said, with a father's love. But the strength of a father's love! who can know it, save a father's heart; and that too, only when the object of its affection is torn away! But they loved her absorbingly; and well they might, when she was their only sister; two others, who had removed with them to the West, had fallen; and she alone was left; and could she but become the idol of her parents, the pride of her brothers! But little did that father think, as the mild blue eyes of his daughter looked up into his own, and he, in turn, looked down into their quiet depth, that those eyes were to start with terror, and that that fair face was soon to be blanched with the hue of death—that the idol of his house was to become the captive of the savage.

Agnes, at this time, was just seventeen years of age. Her stature was rather below the ordinary size, but moulded into one of the richest forms of beauty. The winds of heaven had not visited her face so roughly as to destroy its clearness, or hide the purple veins that went eddying through her marble temples, but they had put upon her cheek the blushing rose of health. Her hair was light, and fell in golden tresses over her snowy shoulders. Her hands were small and of the most delicate proportions, so much so indeed that the hale yeoman as he gave it a hearty shake, (a custom, by-the-by, never omitted by our Southern and Western settlers,) wondered for what it could be made. But these were external charms; there were far greater ones to make her loved. But pardon this descant.

"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me." The Indians marked her surpassing loveliness; and from these she first received the appellation of "The White Fawn," for the exceeding fairness of her complexion, and the airy lightness of her step. Agnes Weldon was also the pride of the settlers; and their descendants have linked her name with the most beautiful legend of their history.

Can any one suppose that a lovely creature at the age of seventeen could live, and yet not be the object of tender thought on the part of many of the stronger sex? There were many of the sons of the settlers who often sought the society of our heroine, and more than one felt anxious to bow before the magic of her beauty. But there was only one who dared to claim this heart as his own.

Agnes never could boast, as some modern belles say they can, that she had twenty offers, and yet rejected them all. She never had but one; and it was not until this period that she even dreamed she loved.

George Benton was four years older than Agnes. With his father's family he had come out to the West at the same time with the Weldons. From childhood he and Agnes had been playmates. Growing up in each other's society, they loved before they knew how to describe what love was. To George Benton, from his very boyhood, Agnes had ever seemed the most beautiful and lovely girl of all his acquaintances; and never did he recollect an hour to have passed tediously by, if she were at his side, or the companion of his sports. To Agnes, in turn, he had ever been the *beau ideal* of every thing that was excellent. No other boy possessed nobler sentiments; no other one was half so manly; none knew how to handle a rifle better, or to take better aim; to manage his horse more gracefully—to tell a tale or a joke with better effect than he—no one had a more generous soul or intellectual mind—in short, to do any thing as George Benton did it, was, or begun to be about this period, perfection.

But was this love? They did not think so. To be sure they had a sort of indefinite feeling, that some how or other they could not tell precisely how, their hearts seemed to be growing together. But neither the one nor the other had yet found a name for it. What was it then? It was but destiny, weaving about them the "web inseparate," which was to prove in time how indissolubly their being was united. Their affections were already so wedded, that their souls were e'en "one spirit within two frames—one passion in twin hearts."

How beautiful is love when it thus groweth! Like the vine that slowly and almost imperceptibly putteth forth tendril after tendril, grasping the object of its support, until it so winds itself around, that neither storm nor whirlwind can tear it away! So in first and early love, the offspring of youthful intimacy, heart unconsciously clingeth to heart, tendril knitteth to tendril, until time nor change nor chance, nor the keenest adversity, hath power to part them. Truly hath it been said that such love is the romance of the most romantic and happiest period of life. "Early loves, like the first run of the uncrushed grape, are the sweetest and strongest gushings of the heart."

'Tis true, that as the strength of manhood began to dignify the soul and manners of George, and as Agnes came blushing to the verge of womanhood, both had, at times, felt strangely. This was so, either when present or absent. George, as was natural, was the first to suspect that all was not the bare and simple friendship of youthful minds; he felt that there was a deeper, holier feeling, and his manners toward his early playmate had of late began to change. Whilst there was, at times, more of tenderness, there was also a singular embarrassment in her presence. Ever and anon

"his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously, his heart
Scarce knowing of its cause of agony."

But he had begun to feel that all happiness, to him, was lost, unless she was the companion of his life; and in the analysis of this feeling, he found what men call Love. She, more simple, whilst she felt as deeply as he did, and was conscious that her being was wrapt up in his, had not dared to look so deeply into the unfathomable depths of the heart. She knew that a thrill went through her when they met; but here, woman-like, she faltered,—she dared not the analysis; she was content with that vague feeling; or rather, she trusted not herself to ascertain its elements.

After an interval of uninterrupted quiet, the peace of the settlement was disturbed by the incursions of Indians. After destroying a number of cattle, and firing several dwellings and barns, the depredators had quietly decamped. The inhabitants, who but a little while before were congratulating themselves on the thought that they were entirely rid of the foe, were aroused by this fresh and unlooked-for inroad, and they determined to revenge the attack in such a signal manner as to prevent the possibility of its recurrence; in short, they resolved to scour the whole country, and if possible destroy every Indian. Every man that could draw trigger was called out to carry on this war of extermination,—the triumph was to be complete—the last drop of the blood of the already dwindling race of red men was to be poured out.

For a week the country around had been searched; several skirmishes had taken place; the Indians were every where routed, and many an old and sly veteran and several chiefs fell before the hate of their insatiable foes.

Whilst these things were going on, there was one of this hunted people who suspected that extermination was the watchword. But the soul of Vantappa did not quake with fear! Secure in his chosen retreat, he saw that the storm had been stirred up, and that it could not be allayed until his race was swept away in the fury of the blast. Life was no longer desirable, and he resolved to die; and again and again did he chant subduedly the death-song in the deep cave, where, like a beast, he had made his lair. He had resolved to die, but he had determined that his last should be a signal blow, a deed of terror and consternation—an evidence that, long lingering in the memory of the pale-faced ones, should tell of the vengeance of the untamed, unpitying, but wronged and persecuted sons of the forest. This one act consummated, and he would meet his foes, and die like his fathers, scorning their tortures, and glorying in beholding the effects of his revenge, and at the same time presenting an heroic instance of the strength and grandeur of Indian character under violent suffering.

He had often caught a glimpse of Agnes, and he had often felt a little jealous that his enemies should boast a beauty more captivating than the girls of his tribe—he saw that she was the pride of the settlers,—in very truth, the White Fawn of the Valley!

Like lightning he darted from his cave; his hatchet gleamed in the moonbeams, and his terrifying yell pealed, now in protracted and now in deep and broken gutturals, along the sides of the enclosing hills. A moment or two, and all was again hushed; the inveterate foe was on the trail for blood. His step was silent, but swift as the hound's. On, on he went, o'er hill and dale, through tangled brake and sedgy marsh; nor did a muscle flag until he stood before the enclosure of Weldon. A moment's reconnoitre, and he knew that the men were away. No guard to female helplessness; no, not even the faithful watch-dog to bay an alarm, or to tell of danger; no gleam of light, to tell that the bolt was falling. The flash and the stroke were simultaneous; the startling whoop and the crash of the yielding door, told them that the unpitying savage was before them. He had pounced upon them so instantaneously, that presence of mind was lost, flight or hiding unthought of. The moment of their first startling, and the wild glare of a fiendish eye was upon them, and the coarse, smothered laugh of the malicious intruder terrified them into unresisting astonishment. One shriek was all. Each heart ceased its pulsing, the blood in every vein curdled, and each face grew ashy with fear. The Indian, for a moment, drew up his stalwart form, and grinned with the smile of a demon, riding upon the sufferings he himself had created—the sufferings of unprotected females and children; and then there was a fiendish laugh, and the loud cry, *Kaweckah! Kaweckah!* the White Fawn! the White Fawn! and, darting upon Agnes, he bore off the fainting girl in his arms.

Mrs. Weldon and her children, for some moments after, could not speak. They gazed upon each other utterly confounded, scarcely knowing whether the occurrence was a horrid dream or a dreadful fact; but a moment more, and the awful conviction that it was too true burst upon them. She rushed from the door, and filled the air with loud wailings and ineffectual cries for her idolized, her only daughter, and, at last, overpowered by the intensity of her feelings, sank insensible on the ground.

The foe heard not, or hearing, heeded not her wailings. Hurrying his victim on, sometimes dragging her, and then, to hasten his flight, throwing her upon his shoulder, he kept on until he reached his retreat, where he threw his burden upon the damp floor of his cave.

The moon threw her soft light in narrow streaks through a few chinks in the ceiling; they fell upon the countenance of the pale sufferer. She gave no signs of life, but she lay in the same position he had thrown her; her lips parted, her eyelids half closed, and the fair, beautiful face, which but an hour before was blooming with health, and lighted up with the merry smile, was soiled with dirt and blood. The imp, squatting by her side, sat silently, gazing at the indistinct form which lay before him, gloating with malicious joy over the agonies of weakness and innocence, and revolving in his mind how he should next proceed to torture his victim, and most signalize his revenge, in the view of her friends, his implacable foes. He scarcely knew whether she was living or dead. The coolness and dampness of the cavern, however, after some time recalled ebbing life to the beautiful sufferer. She slowly opened her eyes—she saw the dark figure at her side, but scarcely knew her situation until the glaring eyes and the gruff Indian grunt restored consciousness.

When the morning dawned, she was sufficiently recovered to know too truly the horrors of her situation. As may be supposed, as soon as the intelligence of her abduction could be made known to the men who were abroad, their every energy was aroused to pursue the depredator. Two or three hours by sun, and the pursuit commenced.

The Indian, suspecting this would be the case, hastened to execute his purpose.

When reason and consciousness had, with the light of day, returned to Agnes, she looked around her. The monster was sitting in a remote corner of the cave. He did not notice her gaze; his chin was resting upon his hands, his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and deep and bitter thought seemed to chain him in portentous silence. It was the quiet of the soul, such as holds possession of it, while resolving on desperate and malicious projects—the calm which often precedes the angry surging of the human passions. She made a movement as if to rise; he started wildly from his reverie, and threw a glance at her which would have made a stouter heart quail; but his look relaxed its sternness, and approaching her, said, "does the White Fawn hope for pity? Once Vantappa knew what it was to pity; once, Vantappa was kind to all, and grew fierce only when his tribe went to battle; but the white man has torn all softness from his heart, and now he cannot pity even the White Fawn! Once, Vantappa would have slain his own men, had they raised the hatchet against a woman; but now he relents not, for the white man has made him a rock. Vantappa once had children; they sported at his side; his boys went with him to the chase, and his girls welcomed his return; they spread his skins for him when he lay down at night, and prepared his corn for him when he arose—joy was about his steps and gladness sounded in his wigwam. But the white man came—he came, and took them all; yes, he took them *all*, and now Vantappa stands *alone!* The tree has lost its branches; it is old and withered! No, there is not one branch!" Here he paused, while the memory of other days seemed to bring sadness with it visions, and then he proceeded in tones of increased bitterness—"Yes, Vantappa stands *alone*—there is not a drop of his blood in the veins of any living being—alone—alone!" Here again he paused, and threw a glance at Agnes, which seemed to mean unutterable things of bitterness, regret, revenge; and then continued: "Yes, Vantappa too had a daughter, the last of his children, and beautiful as the White Fawn, but your men took her too. Twice twelve moons have gone since she dropped at my feet under the bullet of the white man's rifle, and twice twelve times has the spirit of Vena returned to say, that Vantappa must spill the blood of the white man's daughter. Yes, yes;" and he rose up, clenching his hatchet, "aye, and the blood of the White Fawn shall this day smoke upon the grave of Vena. Let not the soul of Vantappa shrink, let not his heart pity or his arm tremble, the blood of the White Fawn shall smoke upon the grave of Vena."

The hour had come; his captive saw that all shadow of mercy was gone, and yielded to her fate—the agony of death however was past; for, overcome by the terrific aspect of her savage murderer, she again became unconscious. He seized her rudely by the arm, and dragging her from the cave, and hurrying with rapid strides up the rising knoll almost within sight of his dwelling, he stood by the grave of his child. His right hand held his knife, whilst with his left, twisted in the tangled hair of Agnes, he raised her head, and gazed for some seconds upon the pale face of what already seemed a corpse.

At that moment he thought he heard a distant noise, and pausing, stood with listening ear as if to know whether his surmise were true—that the foe was upon his trail. He either heard it not, or else it seemed too distant to move his fears. There he stood upon that hill—a priest about to offer human blood to the manes of the departed. There he stood for a moment to listen; and then, "bah! bah! the spirit of Vantappa does not fear; the White Fawn dies; let the spirit of Vena laugh, for the White Fawn dies; let her scalp swing along in the wind, let her body lie long unburied, let the white man know that Vantappa did not pity, that his hate was as deep as his love!" and as he spoke, he prepared to verify his purpose; but the cracking of a rifle arrested it—Vantappa gave a convulsive spring, tottered, and fell.

A youth sprang forward and caught up the senseless form of Agnes; he seemed horror-stricken, for her hand was cold, and the hue of death was on her brow and cheek. He put his cheek to hers, to see if it had the icyness, as well as the ghastliness of death. A glance of light shot over his face as if there might be hope. He raised her in his arms and bore her off to a little stream at the foot of the hill, and there bathed her forehead and hands.

Two or three men had by this time come up to the Indian. He was not dead, though his wound was mortal. His face had the same look of scorn, his eye the same defiance in it, even though death was drawing its film over it; and as he gnashed his teeth and spit in rage, they seemed to shoot the same darting fire as when he mingled in the death-fray; proving his unrelenting hate, and showing in his expiring moments that Vantappa did not relent, and could not quail, under the tortures of his enemies. The blood that was fast flowing, was his life's blood, and the wild vacancy that came over his countenance showed that the spirit was almost freed; a few moments more, and his whole frame shuddered with a spasmodic tremor; the soul took its flight. Thus died Vantappa, if not the last, one of the noblest of his tribe; cruel it is true, but driven to cruelty and desperation by the unrighteous dealings of a civilized and *christianized!* people.

The reader need hardly be told that the foremost man in that chase, for the stolen girl, was George Benton; that it was his rifle, whose aim had laid low the Indian chieftain; and that he it was who now bent over her death-like features, bathing her temples with the cool waters of that mountain rill, and by his tender and touching calls sought to win back the almost vanished spirit of her whom he most adored. That vanished spirit was won back, and as sense returned, and her mild blue eye slowly opened, how different was the vision which now floated before it to that which a little while before had terrified her palpitating heart. It was too changed to be believed, too like a holy dream! Could it be that her eyes had closed under the withering glare of the savage, to open under the anxious, tender look of him whom she most loved on earth! It was indeed true; but too much to be believed. Her lips moved as if to breathe his name—it was enough! the *lover* heard it, though there was no sound of words. It told that life was there; nay, more, it told of consciousness, of reason, of an unwandering mind. "Agnes!" and his lips met the lips of the reviving girl!

The party had now all gathered. It presented a group of merry, gladdened faces, and the woods rang with the irrepressible shout of joy. A rough litter was soon constructed of saplings, covered with the hunting shirts of the men; and upon this Agnes was laid, and the homeward line of march was taken up; the swiftest-footed having been considerately sent as an express to inform Mrs. Weldon of the safety of her child. That night was a night of joy. The grateful father insisted on the company's remaining with him until a late hour, in order to partake of the most generous table he could spread. The young marksman was of course the hero of the company, "the toast universal," and many a slap on the shoulder did he receive as they happened to move round and give their simple gratulations.—"I say George, that was a noble shot; younker you made the red skin bite dirt, just about the right way." "George you did that *particularly* fine, but you didn't do it a minute too soon," whilst one with rather a quizzing look whispered in his ear, "I reckon now you'll hardly know which to call your sweetheart now, that *illegant* rifle of yourn, or Miss Agnes;" and another, who might justly be considered as "*le long carabine*" of the settlement, whispered knowingly, "I hope you aint forgetting, George, who took you out to hunt, and *larned* you to pull trigger when you wern't much higher than his knee; Dick Purnell knew you had some of the real grit in you."

George retorted kindly their witticisms, though he would rather have been sitting near the side of one, who, on this day, had been rendered dearer to him than ever, and in whose recovery he felt the most intense interest. The party separated in high spirits. Agnes recovered slowly from the shock she had received; she was confined to her room by a severe indisposition for several weeks, but was again restored to her usual health, her beauty unimpaired by the harsh treatment of her captor, and as may well be supposed none the less interesting on account of her danger and her rescue. Three months after the memorable event, the same company with other friends, again, assembled at the house of Mr. Weldon; it was to celebrate the nuptials of his daughter. George Benton, that evening married *the White Fawn of Fenloe Vale.* M.

Song.

"Herz, mein Herz."—Beethoven.

Cease, my heart, to beat thus sadly!
Whence these sighs, these flowing tears?
A stranger's home receives thee gladly;—
Whence thy grief—thy trembling fears?

Whence my grief!—the heart's full swelling!
Lone—deserted—here I stand;
Though beauty deck the stranger's dwelling,
It cannot be my native land!

My native land—my father, mother,
Could I but see you once again;
And thou, my tender sister, brother,
And ye my native hill and plain!

Hear the bells so clear resounding,
When the shepherd seeks the shade;
See the lambs so gladly bounding,
Careless, o'er the verdant glade;

See the mountains heavenward swelling,
And the glacier's snow-topp'd head,
Where the chamois finds a dwelling,
Where no hunter's foot can tread.

And the peaceful roofs, sweet smiling
Homes of all the heart holds dear—
Friends who never knew beguiling,
Neighbors who the heart could cheer!

Strangers have no love to give us;
Cold the pressure of their hand;
Strangers smile not to receive us;—
'Tis not so in Switzerland!

Cease, O heart! in vain the sorrow;
All thy yearnings now are vain;
If God but wills, thou art to-morrow
In Switzerland, thy home, again! R. J. LUCAS.

N. P. Willis.

The Dublin University thus humorously discourseth on the author of "Pencillings by the Way."

Of all the lions that caprice and the whimsical absurdity of a second-rate set in fashion ever courted and entertained, never had any one less pretensions to the civility he received than the author of "Pencillings by the Way"—poor in thought, still poorer in expression, without a spark of wit, without a gleam of imagination—a fourth-rate looking man, and a fifth-rate talker, he continued to receive the homage we were wont to bestow upon a Scott, and even charily extended to a Dickens. His writings the very slip-slop of "commerage," the tittle-tattle of a Sunday paper, dressed up in the cant of Kentucky; the very titles, the contemptible affectation of unredeemed twaddle, "Pencillings by the Way!" "Letters from under a bridge!" Good Lack! how the latter name is suggestive of eavesdropping and listening; and how involuntarily we call to mind those chance expressions of his partners in the dance, or his companions at the table, faithfully recorded for the edification of the free-born Americans, who, while they ridicule our institutions, endeavor to pantomime our manners.

For many years past a number of persons have driven a thriving trade in a singular branch of commerce, no less than buying up cast court dresses and second-hand uniforms for exportation to the colonies. The negroes, it is said, are far prouder of figuring in the tattered and tarnished fragments of former greatness, than of wearing the less gaudy, but more useful garb, befitting their condition. So it would seem our trans-Atlantic friends prefer importing through their agents, for that purpose, the abandoned finery of courtly gossip, to the more useful but less pretentious apparel of common-place information. Mr. Willis was invaluable for this purpose; he told his friends every thing that he heard, and he heard every thing that he could; and, like mercy, he enjoyed a duplicate of blessings—for while he was delighted in by his own countrymen, he was dined by ours. He scattered his autographs, as Feargus O'Connor did franks; he smiled; he ogled; he read his own poetry, and went the whole lion with all his might; and yet, in the midst of this, a rival starts up equally desirous of court secrets, and fifty times as enterprising in their search; he risks his liberty, perhaps his life, in the pursuit, and what is his reward? I need only tell you his name, and you are answered—I mean the boy Jones; not under a bridge, but under a sofa; not in Almacks, obtaining it at second-hand, but in Buckingham palace—into the very apartment of the Queen—the adventurous youth has dared to insinuate himself. No lady, however, sends her album to him for some memento of his genius. His temple is not defrauded of its curls to grace a locket or a medallion; and his reward, instead of a supper at Lady Blessington's, is a voyage to Swan River. For my part, I prefer the boy Jones: I like his singleness of purpose: I admire his steady perseverance; still, however, he had the misfortune to be born in England—his father lived near Wapping, and he was ineligible for a lion.

To what other reason than his English growth can be attributed the different treatment he has experienced at the hands of the world. The similarity between the two characters is most striking. Willis had a craving appetite for court gossip, and the tittle-tattle of a palace: so had the boy Jones. Willis established himself as a listener in society; so did the boy Jones. Willis obtruded himself into places, and among people where he had no possible pretension to be seen: so did the boy Jones. Willis wrote letters from under a bridge: the boy Jones eat mutton chops under a sofa.

Ladies Department.

Was the Buried Dead?

Thou wert wise! thou wert good! thou wert loved!
With thy name all my hopes were entwined,
And each day but more tenderly proved,
How my life in thy life was enshrined!
But the light has gone out from thine eye,
And thine odorous breathings are shed,
And while to awake thee I try,
They rudely exclaim, thou art dead!

Thou wert prized as the one precious gem,
And my heart was the casket for thee!
Yet now I am plundered by them,
And they bear my rich treasure from me;
They wait not for coffin nor shroud,
They heed not the tears that I shed,
But they hustle thee off with the crowd,
And can it be *true* thou art dead?

Thou wert good! yet no requiem nor bell
Denotes the sad passage of worth,
And no sluddering mourner may tell
How they flung thee like filth in the earth!
Death with horrors hath heaped thee around,
Corruption now pillows thy head,
They have piled up that dread cavern's bound,
And now must I *grow* thou art dead!

Couldst thou wake in that pestilent grave
To know where thou'rt left to decay,
To struggle, to battle, to rave,
'Mongst the dead as thou gropest thy way,
Thou wouldst tear out thine heart in affright;
Thy wisdom, thine intellect fled,
Couldst thou creep through that death-slime to light,
Affection would wish thou wert dead!

Thy death, that but now was the theme
Of mine anguish, my tears, my despair,
To such horrors as these doth but seem
A subject for tenderest prayer.
Thou art gone!—thou art risen on high—
To the throne of thy Father thou'rt sped!
Thou'rt above!—wherefore, then, should I sigh!—
Would to God I were sure thou wert dead!

Female Exercise.

The subject assumes a still greater importance when the intellectual powers are unfolded at a very early age. The very affection of the misguided parent then becomes the certain nurse of premature disease and death. The delighted parents are sedulously disposed to furnish every means to hasten the growth of the tender bud of promising genius, at the expense, or total neglect of the physical powers of the body, which it is destined to inhabit, during its earthly sojournings; and, alas! in many instances, how short has been the journey to the world of spirits, through feebleness, mainly caused by erroneous tenderness of this nature. Such was the case with that peculiar instance of mental precocity *Lucretia M. Davidson*, whose early death is to be deplored by every lover of piety and genius. Had she been more wisely directed in her early habits, it is more than probable she might have lived a brilliant ornament to her sex and her country. The writer was, in 1816 and 1817, acquainted in the family, and had frequent opportunities of conversing with the bright and amiable Lucretia. But little, if any regard was paid to her physical education; a subject of more importance in persons like her, who are endowed with high intellectual powers; their mental delights very naturally preventing that very attention to muscular exercise which their health demands.

That all this is true, may be gathered from her memoirs; instance the intense interest she took in the reading of a poem, or a new book; so much so, *she has often forgotten her meals*; and, at a neighbor's house in the *morning*, standing in the library so absorbed in her book, that the darkness of *the coming night* first reminded her she had forgotten her meals. Now, with such habits, and it is evident that all is not told, not to have fallen into the incipient stages of disease, would have been a miracle; because it was transgressing the laws of nature as they affect our material powers of action.

Thus perished a martyr to the love of intellectual pleasure; or rather to a misguiding parental fondness for a remarkably promising genius. To the name of the lovely Lucretia may be added many more besides Kirke White,—as a Huntington, a Thatcher and a Winchel! All, humanly speaking, might have had a longer life, had they been taught how to obey the immutable laws of nature. These laws will not relax one iota in favor of piety, learning, or genius; neither ought they to be impugned. Whether we be performing the acts of piety or profanity, if they are transgressed the effects must be borne; and to him who does violence to his own nature, whether he be on an errand of mercy or of death, the consequences are certain. There can be no suspending of these laws, but by His immediate act who constituted them; and we are not warranted to expect a miracle in favor of our supposed importance, or the goodness of our intentions.

It was from the brilliancy and sensitiveness of *Lucretia's* mind, contending with the first stages of disease in her young frame, which caused her presentiment of death to be expressed in her fifteenth year, and which was too fully, and too sadly fulfilled."

"Thou little sparkling star of even—
Thou gem upon an azure heaven!
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free!"

Theory of Marriage.

There was a merry fellow who supped at Plato's three thousand years ago; and the conversation turning upon love and choice of wives, he said: "He had learnt from a very ancient tradition that men had been originally created male and female; each individual being provided with a duplicate set of limbs, and performing his locomotive functions with a kind of rotary movement, as a wheel; that he became in consequence so excessively insolent that Jupiter, indignant, split him in two; and since that time that each half runs about the world in quest of its other half: if the two congenial halves meet, they are a very loving couple; otherwise they are subject to a miserable, scolding, peevish, and uncongenial matrimony. The search he said was rendered difficult, for the reason that one man slighting upon a half that did not belong to him, another did necessarily the same, till the whole affair was thrown into irretrievable confusion."

Epigram.—The following, though old, contains a truth generally acknowledged:

She's secret as the grave, you say;
'Tis true, I cannot doubt it,
But 'tis a grave with tombstone
Which tells you all about it."

Antar.

Of all the heroes of Arabia, none have been more frequently the subject of the evening tale, the ballad, and the romance than Antar. His exploits occupy the same place in the legendary history of Arabia, that the expedition of bacchus does in that of Egypt, or the labors of Hercules in the mythological annals of Greece, wherein truth and fiction are blended together; and events seen through the dim mists of ages, are shadowy in outline, and magnified in size. The present poem, which forms a part of the literary wealth of the Kaaba, is not to be confounded with a romance in several volumes, which was composed indeed by Antar, and which celebrates his own exploits; but was first committed to writing in the time of Haroun Al Raschid by Asmai, a learned theologian and grammarian. The poem which we are about to notice contains only eighty-one verses, and has reference to some of the events which transpired during the war that raged between the tribes of Abs and Dhobyan for forty years, and is known as the "War of the Race-horses." It arose in consequence of a dispute that took place in the contested race between the famous steeds Dahes and Ghabra.

The poem is discursive, and impatient of rule as the fiery barb of the desert—now indignantly boastful—now fierce and sanguinary,—at times descriptive, and again amatory and elegiac. The poet, at the opening of the poem, addresses the deserted bower of Abla, and laments the separation which he is doomed to endure—but as the martial portions of the poem will be more in accordance with the character of the author, and will vary the character of the extracts, we will present our readers with a few verses from the close of the poem. The part, in which he boasts that he had left Demdem, "a victim to be mangled by the lions of the wood and the eagles advanced in years," and fears that death may surprise him ere he has slain Hasein and Harem, the sons of Demdem, who had calumniated him, exhibits a spirit inveterately cruel and revengeful:

In the gulf of the fight when the battle grew warm,
Where the warriors plunged fearless with shadowy form,
Like a ship in the depths of the billowy storm;

When my tribe 'gainst the spears of the foeman has made
A shield of my breast, I was never afraid,
With no friend by my side, but my own shining blade.

Then my brave uncle's counsels this bosom has steeled,
When the loud din of Morra was heard in the field;
And the thick dust the sons of Rabeia revealed.

When the shoutings of Dhobol were heard from afar,
And, like sharp-biting lions when roused from the lair,
The troops fierce in conflict, rushed on to the war.

Then the mildest of tribes heard the battle-field's din,
And saw 'neath their standards, the skirmish begin,
And the havoc of death, where life's beauty had been;

Then I knew, while the legions thus thronged on the plain,
That blows on the helmets would patter like rain;
And from each cloven skull fly the birds of the brain.

When our enemies came in their pride, with the glance
Of the gold-studded banner and silvery lance,
I was first to rush forward, and lead the advance;

Shouting, Antar! the troops strove to rival my deed,
Whilst the enemy thrust, 'gainst the chest of my steed,
The sharp-bearded points of the longest jerreed

Yet I still urged the foe with the charger I rode,
While the spear-opened fountain in purple streams flowed,
Till his neck and his breast were all mantled in blood

With the lance in his forehead, my steed turned again,
And his moaning and tears well attested his pain;
Had he speech, he had uttered a soul-moving strain

'Mid the black dust that rose from the myriad throng
Rushed the horses, with faces disfigured, along—
Each stallion robust, and each mare that was strong.

Then my spirit was healed of its anguish and pain,
When the shout pealed aloud, of my warrior train,
Crying "Well done, Antar! Hurrah! Charge again!"

The boldness of the simile in the first verse which we have extracted, cannot fail to strike the reader—and, however poorly it may be expressed in the translation, is still sublime in its associations. How well the "perilous ridges of battle" may be compared to the billows of the excited deep,—restless—heaving—tumultuous;—and the majestic form of the plumed warrior, now lost in the depths of the fight, now towering above the piles of dead and dying,—to the tall ship now sinking into the abyss, and again rising in sublime power above the waves of destruction. It was a favorite superstition with the older Arabs, that the Manah, a spirit in the form of a bird, resided in the brain: and that at death it rested upon the grave of the person departed, and mourned there till the general resurrection. It is to this that reference is made in the sixth verse of the present extracts.

Washington.

To the historian, indeed, there are few characters that appear so little to have shared in the common frailties and imperfections of human nature; there are but few particulars that can be mentioned even to his disadvantage. It is understood, for instance, that he was once going to commit an important mistake as a General in the field; but he had at least the very great merit of listening to Lee, (a man whom he could not like, and who was even his rival,) and of not committing the mistake. Instances may be found where perhaps it may be thought that he was decisive to a degree of severity and harshness, or even more; but how innumerable were the decisions which he had to make! how difficult and important, through the eventful series of twenty years of command in the cabinet or the field! Let it be considered what it is to have the management of a Revolution, and afterwards the maintenance of order. Where is the man that in the history of our race has ever succeeded in attempting successively the one and the other? not on a small scale, a petty state in Italy, or among a herd of barbarians, but in an enlightened age, when it is not easy for one man to rise superior to another, and in the eyes of mankind,—

A kingdom for a stage,
"And monarchs to behold the swelling scene."

The plaudits of his country were continually sounding in his ears, and neither the judgment nor the virtues of the man were ever disturbed. Armies were led to the field with all the enterprise of a hero, and then dismissed with all the equanimity of a philosopher. Power was accepted, was exercised, was resigned, precisely at the moment and in the way that duty and patriotism directed. Whatever was the difficulty, the trial, the temptation, or the danger, there stood the soldier and the citizen, eternally the same, without fear and without reproach, and there was the man who was not only at all times virtuous, but at all times wise.

The merit of Washington by no means ceases with his campaigns; it becomes, after the peace of 1783, even more striking than before: for the same man, who, for the sake of liberty, was ardent enough to resist the power of Great Britain and hazard every thing on this side of the grave, at a later period had to be temperate enough to resist the same spirit of liberty, when it was mistaking its proper objects and transgressing its appointed limits. The American Revolution was to approach him, and he was to kindle in the general flame; the French Revolution was to reach him and to consume but too many of his countrymen, and his "own ethereal mould," incapable of stain, was to purge off the baser fire victorious." But all this was done; he might have been pardoned, though he had failed amid the enthusiasm of those around him, and when liberty was the delusion; but the foundations of the moral world were shaken, and not the understanding of Washington.

To those who must necessarily contemplate this remarkable man at a distance, there is a kind of fixed calmness in his character that seems not well fitted to engage our affections (constant superiority we rather venerate than love,) but he had those who loved him (his friends and his family,) as well as the world and those that admired.

As a ruler of mankind, however, he may be proposed as a model. Deeply impressed with the original rights of human nature, he never forgot that the end and meaning, and aim of all just government was the happiness of the people, and he never exercised authority till he had first taken care to put himself clearly in the right. His candor, his patience, his love of justice were unexampled; and this, though *naturally* he was not patient,—much otherwise, highly irritable.

He therefore deliberated well, and placed his subject in every point of view before he decided; and his understanding being correct, he was thus rendered, by the means of his faculties, his strength of mind, and his principles, the man of all other to whom the interests of his fellow-creatures might with most confidence be entrusted; that is, he was the first of the rulers of mankind.

Chaucer.

He had mingled with the world's affairs both at home and abroad; accomplished in manners and intimately connected with a splendid court, Chaucer was at once the philosopher who had surveyed mankind in their widest sphere, the poet who haunted the solitudes of nature, and the elegant courtier whose opulent tastes are often discovered in the graceful pomp of his descriptions. It was no inferior combination of observation and sympathy which could bring together in one company the many-colored conditions and professions of society, delineated with pictorial force, and dramatized by poetic conception, reflecting themselves in the tale which seemed most congruous to their humors. The perfect identity of these assembled characters, after the lapse of near five centuries, make us familiar with the domestic habits and modes of thinking of a most interesting period in our country, not inspected by the narrow details of the antiquarian microscope, but in the broad mirror reflecting that truth or satire which alone could have discriminated the passions, the pursuits and the foibles of society. Thus the painter of nature, who caught the glow of her skies and her earth in his landscape, was also the miniature portrayer of human likenesses. When Chaucer wrote, the classics of antiquity were imperfectly known in this country—the Grecian muse had never reached our shores; this was, probably, favorable to the native freedom of Chaucer. The English poet might have lost his raciness by a cold imitation of the Latin masters; among the Italians, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Chaucer found only models to emulate or to surpass. Hence the English bard indulged that more congenial abundance of thoughts and images which owns no other rule than the pleasure it yields in the profusion of nature and fancy. A great poet may not be the less Homeric because he has never read Homer.—*D'Israeli.*

Farmers Department.

Winter Ploughing—Extermination of Garlic—Accumulation of Manures.

This is the 4th day of February, and the temperature of the air is more like that of the middle of spring, than that of a day of winter. Indeed, it has been so warm as to render a fire uncomfortable.* That weather so unseasonable should prove healthy, is more than we can reasonably expect, but as it has been the will of Him who is the author of all goodness, so to order it, it behoves us to bow in submission to his bequest. But while duty and gratitude both combine to indicate the path we should pursue, there is nothing to deter us from improving time, and converting into positive good this unexpected change of the season. And with that view, we would respectfully suggest to our agricultural brethren, the propriety of attending, and that without delay, to the following things:

1st. The ploughing up of all stiff clayey grounds intended for spring cultivation.

2dly. The ploughing up of any fields they may have, which are infested with garlic, or any kindred pests.

3dly. The accumulation of manures by all possible means.

With regard to the *first*, we would remark, that the advantages to result from it are so apparent that it is almost useless to illustrate them. There is nothing in the art of agriculture, about which there is more union of sentiment, than that of the benefits resulting from the exposure of soil of a stiff and cohesive character, to the influence of wintry frosts. Its tendency, as is well known, is by the power of disintegration, to render it not only more permeable to the absorption of water, but to impart to it a friability and mellowness highly conducive to the growth of plants. Whilst these are a portion of the resulting benefits, the capacity is also imparted to the soil, of parting with superabundant water, and of thus relieving its vegetable growth from the evil of existing in a mere bed of mortar, a thing always to be deplored.

Although we recommend to all, to subject their stiff soils intended for spring crops to this treatment, we desire to qualify our advice so as to leave it to the parties to judge, whether their lands are in that condition to justify such a procedure. Clayey lands, as all who know their business, do know, should never be ploughed when *too wet*, and the test of *that*, is equally within their knowledge. It is only such lands, then, as will not derive injury from being broken up, that we wish to come within the range of our advice.

With respect to the *second*, we have but a few words to say. Experience, which is the best of all human teachers, has proved, alike, that among all the pests to which the wheat grower has been subjected, that *Garlic* is the greatest, and that of all the means hitherto used for its destruction, nothing has proved so effectual as winter ploughing and harrowing. Such being the case, no one, who has the means of testing its utility, should hesitate a moment with regard to the propriety of making an effort to eradicate it from his land. Many fields, which in former years were celebrated for their product of wheat, both in quantity and quality, have had their capacity greatly impaired, by being overrun by this worse than useless *weed* and we have known the price of wheat diminished from ten to twelve cents in the bushel, because of its abounding in its seed.

Of the *third* thing—*the accumulation of manures*—we purpose making an appeal, thus timely, in the fond hope that it may conduce to good, now and for time to come. It may be like carrying coals to New Castle, or onions to Connecticut, to tell our co-laborers, that but few if any of us make manure enough in any one year to give our cornfields a dressing. But it may not be amiss to remind them, that there are but few of them who might not do so, where they to exert all the industry and means within their reach, with a view to the attainment of that object. This the most of them might do in ordinary years with ease, but such has been the auspicious character of this, that nothing but absolute neglect of duty, can account for an omission to have done so. And as that, so far from being a justifiable excuse, is no apology at all, we will now, in order that delinquents may make up for lost time, recommend to all such, to set every cart and wagon on their premises to work, without another day's delay, in hauling mould and leaves from their woods, and to form them into compost heaps with their barn-yard manure, to be ready for their corn ground in early spring. By adding two bushels of *lime* to each double horse, or ox cart, of such materials, they would add 33⅓ per cent. to its present and future value, and increase their corn-crop fully to that amount.

Don't let any one say that it is too late to avail of such resource, for it is not so, as there is ample time, not only to haul the manure from the woods and for its formation into compost heaps, but also for the commingling of the mineral salts with the contents of such piles, we have since the 1st of January, by these means, secured hundreds of loads of valuable manure, and are now embracing every opportunity to increase the amount. By a proper exertion of energy, two men, with as many double horse, or ox carts, unless the woods were very distant, indeed, would be able before corn-planting time in most of the states, to secure a body of manure sufficient to dress a twenty acre field, and thus, perhaps, enhance its capacity for production fully to the amount before named by us. If any one doubts the soundness of our conclusions, let him make the experiment—but let him make it with an honest zeal—and we fear not the result.—*American Farmer.*

*Ther. at 82

Sidney's Arcadia.

The narrative of "The Arcadia" is peculiar; but if the reader's fortitude can yield up his own fancy to the feudal poet, he will find the tales diversified. Sidney had traced the vestiges of feudal warfare in Germany, in Italy, and in France; those wars of petty states where the walled city was oftener carried by stratagem than by storm, and where the chivalrous heroes, like champions, stepped forth to challenge each other in single combat, almost as often as they were viewed as generals at the head of their armies. Our poet's battles have all the fierceness and the hurry of action, as if told by one who had stood in the midst of the battle-field; and in his "shipwreck," men fight with the waves, ere they are flung on the shore, as if the observer had sat on the summit of a cliff watching them.

He describes objects on which he loves to dwell with a peculiar richness of fancy: he had shivered his lance in the tilt, and had managed the fiery courser in his career; that noble animal was a frequent object of his favorite descriptions; he looks even on the curious and fanciful ornaments of its caparisons; and in the vivid picture of the shock between two knights we see distinctly every motion of the horse and the horseman. But sweet is his loitering hour in the sunshine of luxuriant gardens, or as we lose ourselves in the green solitudes of the forests which most he loves. His poetic eye was pictorial; and the delineations of objects, both in art and nature, might be transferred to the canvass.

There is a feminine delicacy in whatever alludes to the female character, not merely courtly, but imbued with that sensibility which St. Palaye has remarkably described as "full of refinement and fanaticism." And this may suggest an idea not improbable, that Shakspeare drew his fine conceptions of the female character from Sidney. Shakspeare solely, of all our elder dramatists, has given true beauty to women; and Shakspeare was an attentive reader of "The Arcadia."—*D'Israeli.*

Sonnet.

BY WILLIAM M. BOWLES.

As one, who, by long wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watch'd the lingering night, and heard,
Heartless the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bathed in slow-ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head,
In varying forms fantastic wander white;
Or turns his ear to every random song,
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steep'd in still delight!
With such delight o'er all my heart I feel,
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal!

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 7, 5, 4, 11, 13, is a river in Virginia.
My 10, 8, 15, 1, 12, 11, 12, 6, is a county in Tennessee.
My 12, 2, 3, 15, 8, is a river in Germany.
My 4, 5, 13, 3, 15, is a county in Kentucky.
My 1, 2, 5, 4, 8, 13, is a river in England.
My 4, 14, 15, 12, 3, 11, is a county in Missouri.
My 10, 8, 5, 12, is a cape in the United States.
My 12, 14, 4, 8, is a town in Italy.
My whole is the name of a distinguished Patriot of the American Revolution. An answer is requested.
Philada. Feb. 8th, 1842. Henry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 11, 16, 14, 12, 5, is a cape of British America.
My 1, 10, 12, 5, 6, is a town of New Jersey.
My 3, 4, 5, 14, 12, 5, is a county of Ohio.
My 9, 16, 17, 12, 8, 11, 12, 5, is a town of Pennsylvania.
My 9, 16, 11, 3, 8, 16, 6, is a sea of Europe.
My 16, 12, 14, 1, 6, 18, is a town of New York.
My 6, 1, 3, 12, 10, 11, is a city of Europe.
My 9, 16, 6, 7, 10, is a town of Cuba.
My 2, 16, 15, 13, 1, is a gulf of South America.
My whole is the name of a Charitable Institution of Philadelphia. An answer is requested. Francisco.

Answer to the Enigma of 14 letters in last week's paper—Petropaulawski.

Answer to the Enigma of 13 letters in last week's paper—Thomas H. Benton.

A NEW VOLUME.

January, 1842.

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EDGAR A. POE.

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In compliance with the almost unanimous wish of our lady subscribers, we shall furnish them with a beautiful and correct plate of Fashions, and shall also give the styles for gentlemen, which has been decidedly popular with both sexes, and has rendered the work THE TEXT BOOK OF FASHION, the Union over.

GREAT INCREASE OF READING MATTER.

The reputation of the Magazine thus far, would be a sufficient guarantee for the future, but that it may be seen that nothing has been left undone, to maintain every department of the work, and to elevate the literary, as well as the pictorial department, we beg leave to announce that we have not only engaged a host of talented and elegant American writers, but that the amount of reading matter will be greatly increased, so as to make it at least *one fourth*, and possibly *one-third more* than any of the other three dollar magazines, and about the *same amount* as the five dollar monthlies usually present.

THE LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

In addition to the old contributors, whose names and articles have given a high celebrity to the Magazine, a number of new ones, it will be perceived, are added, of worth and note, so that we may fairly say that we have

The Strength of American Talent Devoted to the Work.

Theodore S. Fay, Author of "Norman Leslie, the Countess Ida," &c.	H. Hastings Weld.
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John S. Du Solle, Esq.	A. M'Makin and E. Holden, Esqrs. Eds. Sat. Courier.
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